The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1914.

Summary of the News

There has been little change in the general situation in Europe during the past week. In the western area of warfare a great battle has been in progress along the river Aisne which up to the time of writing has been productive of no definite result. In the eastern campaign the Russian armies continue to announce successes. We deal in greater detail elsewhere with the operations in these fields.

It appears to be definitely established that no further efforts to facilitate peace will be made by the United States for the present. An announcement was made from the White House on September 17 that the President had received from the German Chancellor a non-committal reply to his inquiry into the report that the Kaiser was willing to discuss terms of peace, and it was stated that there was nothing in the reply which put Germany in the attitude of making a request of the United States. In France, England, and Russia, it is evident that there is no inclination to make any move in the direction of peace until the results of the war shall be more decided. The position of the United States, therefore, is that it has gone definitely on record as willing, when any opportune moment shall come, to place itself at the service of the belligerents. In the meanwhile, the President, in an interview on Monday, deprecated inopportune suggestions at the present time which might later handicap this country in its efforts to be of service to humanity.

The President's reply on September 16 to the Belgian committee which presented to him a statement of the alleged atrocities committed by German soldiers in Belgium, and his reply to the Kaiser's telegram protesting against British and French "atrocities," were couched in almost identical terms. Suave and sympathetic, but taking it for granted that the recipients did not expect this country to take any action in the matter at the present time, these answers might well serve as models of diplomatic correspondence. The President's reply to President Poincaré was in similar terms.

The United States has protested to Turkey against the abrogation of the capitulations. Secretary Bryan last week cabled to Ambassador Morgenthau to inform the Government of the Porte that this Government did not recognize its right to abrogate the capitulations, and further that the Washington Government would reserve for the present discussion of the grounds on which it based its refusal to acquiesce in the action of Turkey, and also reserved the right to make further representations in the matter later on. Greece also has joined with the other Powers in protesting against the abrogation of the capitulations.

As a result of bombardment by the Germans last week, the beautiful Cathedral of Notre Dame at Rheims is reported to be seriously damaged. A German official statement expresses regret for the bombardment, which, it says, was necessary because "Rheims was in the battle line." President Poincaré has issued a protest at the deed to the neutral Powers, in which it is denied that the destruction was inspired by any military reasons.

Italy still manages to maintain her neutrality, but public sentiment in favor of participation in the war appears to be growing and several riotous demonstrations have occurred. It is reported that half a million troops are now mobilized.

The Federal Reserve Board on Saturday of last week approved the bankers' plan for a $100,000,000 gold fund to meet American obligations to Europe.

The emergency revenue bill to raise $105,000,000, taxing beer, wines, gasolene, bankers, brokers, amusement proprietors, and commercial instruments, was introduced in the House on Monday. The bill comes up for debate in the House to-day (Thursday), and, it is expected, will be passed to-morrow.

By a vote of 27 to 22 the Rivers and Harbors bill was on Monday recommitted to the Commerce Committee of the Senate with instructions to the committee to cut the total of the appropriations from $53,000,000 to a sum not exceeding $20,000,000.

The rates on war risks for cargoes and vessels which will be charged by the Government for insurance on commerce between the United States and belligerent and non-belligerent ports during the European war were announced on September 18 by Director William C. Delancy, of the Bureau of War Insurance.

As a result of the recent application of the railways which was made after President Wilson had received a representative committee of railway presidents at the White House, the Interstate Commerce Commission on Saturday of last week decided to reopen the Eastern advance-rate cases. Hearings will be commenced at Washington on October 19.

Rear-Admiral Charles O. Badger, who has been appointed to the Naval General Board at Washington, was relieved of his command of the Atlantic fleet on September 17. He is succeeded by Rear-Admiral Frank F. Fletcher, who has been in command of the first division of the Atlantic fleet, and who commanded the landing parties at Vera Cruz.

Sir Lionel Carden, lately British Minister to Mexico, according to the report of an interview with him as he was leaving these shores on September 16, criticised the policy of the Administration in Mexico in what, if he was correctly reported, can only be described as very rude terms. The British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, on the following day formally expressed his regret for the publication of the interview, which, he explained, was contrary to diplomatic usage and to the regulations of the British Government, and was therefore unauthorized. Sir Lionel Carden has denied by wireless that his statement contained criticism of the Administration, but no specific confirmation or denial can be obtained until he has had an opportunity of seeing the text of the interview.

The Senate passed additional legislation on September 18 further modifying the Federal Reserve act. The amendments passed were to sections 11 and 16; the first reading that "the Federal Reserve Board shall have power to permit member banks to carry in the Federal Reserve banks of their respective districts any portion of their reserves now required by section 19 of this act to be held in their own vaults," the second that "the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to devise and put into operation a system of clearances of national bank notes between the Treasury, the Federal Reserve banks, and the member banks, and for that purpose to designate Federal Reserve banks as agents of the United States."

The British Parliament was prorogued on September 18 until October 27. The King's speech was a brief assertion of the justice of the purpose for which Great Britain is fighting, and contained the statement that "we shall not lay down our arms until that purpose has been fully achieved." It is perhaps worth recording, as a remarkable incident in the history of the House of Commons, that as the House adjourned the singing of the national anthem was started by the Labor leader, Will Crooks, that English members called out "God save Ireland," and that Irish Nationalists replied with "God save England." Never before, probably, save as sarcasm, has that pious wish come from Nationalist lips.

On the same day on which Parliament was prorogued, the House of Commons passed the Home Rule bill and the Welsh Disestablishment bill, after their rejection by the House of Lords for the third time, and they received the signature of the King. At the same time, however, the King signed the bills recently introduced to suspend the operation of these acts until after the conclusion of the war.

The situation in Mexico continues to be satisfactory, and the announcement last week, coming on Independence Day, that the United States forces in Vera Cruz were to be withdrawn was received with enthusiasm in the capital. A national convention of military and political leaders is planned for October 1, when a Provisional President is to be chosen. It is understood in Washington that Gen. Carranza will resign as First Chief, and that Fernando Iglesias Calderon, leader of the Liberal party in Mexico, will be named Provisional President for the purpose of conducting a general election in which Carranza expects to be a candidate.

The deaths of the week include: Gen. Jacobus H. de la Rey, Major Wallis O. Clark, U. S. A., September 15; Col. William Reeve Hamilton, U. S. A., September 16; Mrs. Frank Leslie, September 18; Judge A. G. Olmstead, September 19; Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, September 21.

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The Week

President Wilson's reply, both to the German Emperor and to the Belgian Commissioners, on the subject of alleged atrocities in the war, is in substance what it was in the nature of things bound to be, while in form it fulfils the standard of excellence which Mr. Wilson has accustomed us to expect in his official utterances. Even if there had been a representation from one side only, and if the press were not filled with statements of the most contradictory character upon almost every allegation involved, it would have been quite out of the question for the head of our Government to pass judgment upon charges made by one of two warring nations against another. But, while scrupulously avoiding any possible offence against the strictest requirements of neutrality, Mr. Wilson availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the appeal to point in impressive language to the part which, some day or other, will be played, in regard to the present transactions, by the opinion of mankind—organized and unorganized:

> Where wrongs have been committed, their consequences and the relative responsibility involved will be assessed. The nations of the world have fortunately by agreement made a plan for such a reckoning and settlement. What such a plan cannot compass the opinion of mankind, the final arbiter in all such matters, will supply.

Even in the din of the hundred-mile battle in France and the still more vastly extended conflict on the borders of Russia, this voice will make itself heard. It is a reminder that the day will come when the Hague Tribunal will have its turn; and that the Hague Tribunal is but a single manifestation of a power the strength of which, in the end, transcends that of armies.

It is most gratifying to hear that the Cathedral at Rheims may not, after all, prove to be a complete wreck. Over that news the whole world must rejoice, as it has been inexpressibly shocked and horrified by the thought that it might have lost a treasure of inestimable worth, utterly irreplaceable, the priceless heritage of all lovers of the beautiful. It is not yet time to fix the blame, nor can we yet know exactly how great the damage actually is. But if it should prove, as is alleged, that no less than fifty German shells entered that glorious structure, it will be hard indeed to acquit those responsible of deliberate and wanton vandalism. Certainly the official German statement that everything possible was done to avert the catastrophe is not borne out by other dispatches. A wanton destruction would fearfully injure the German cause, for it would be reprobated by the entire civilized world. The matter is, moreover, only made worse by such attempts to sneer it away as Mr. Ridder has made, by referring to acts of vandalism of our own in the Civil War. No just man condemns those outrages, or the water-cure torture in the Philippines in 1901-02, a whit less than he does wrongdoing by Turcos or Japanese or Belgians or any one else.

Ambassador Gerard's communication to the President, giving the substance of the remarks made to him by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, cannot be regarded as indicative of what the position of Germany would be towards any concrete proposal of peace conditions, or even towards any specific offer of mediation. To say that, as a first step towards such an offer, "the United States ought to get proposals of peace from the Allies" is but another way of saying that Germany does not propose to take the first step in the matter. Nor could any different answer possibly have been given at this stage of affairs. Neither side can be expected to propose, even upon the vaguest lines, a settlement of the conflict while it is in its present phase; for any basis that could be regarded by it as satisfactory must in the nature of things be held by its adversary to be out of the question so long as the situation in the field is what it now is. But to say this is not to say that the suggestions which have been put before the German Government, or similar suggestions which may be put before that of any of the Allied Powers, must prove fruitless in the end. Certainly, the fact that the Government at Washington is anxious to be of help in bringing the conflict to a close whenever it may become possible to obtain the assent of the belligerents to any form of mediation is one which it is of the highest importance to keep to the front. To push this disposition on our part to the point of senseless importunity would do harm instead of good; but we feel sure that President Wilson's judgment, and his sense of the fitness of things, can be trusted to prevent our being placed in such a position. On the other hand, he can be equally trusted to avail himself of any opening which may occur to be of service in hastening the close of this most terrible of wars.

The greatest enemy of Germany to-day is not France nor Russia, nor Japan nor England, but the public opinion of the United States. This we have on the unquestioned written authority of the "German-American Literary Defence Committee." According to this valuable organization, now appealing to the public for funds, it has carried on the fight on this, the fourth "front," in the "most unselfish way possible and in most complete activity," with results with which it is apparently satisfied. "The poison distributed by the Anglo-American press against us German-Americans" must be overcome by counter-efforts, the Committee insists. We trust, however, without the use of Prussic acid on their part. We are glad to report, in any case, that if this is war against the most dangerous enemy now facing Germany, it can be carried on at a considerably slighter financial sacrifice than the war against the European nations, for the Committee appeals for only $100 a week. This modest sum it may well raise, but neither that nor a very much larger amount would suffice to overcome the hostile American public opinion—which is hostile, however, only to the spirit of Prussian militarism. When the war is over, we undertake to say, no nation will be more concerned in preserving German civilization and German idealism in every field except the military than will the United States.

Much as the swift Prussian advance in 1870 had a negative effect in halting any thought of interference by Austria, so the qualified successes of Russia, in Galicia, are operating positively upon Rumania. The report that M. Diamondy, the Rumanian delegate to Italy, has declared in Rome that his country, "though neutral for the present, could not let slip this opportunity for realizing its national aims," receives a color of probability from accounts of popular sentiment at home. A great patriotic enthusiasm is there reported, and there is little doubt as to its motive. The "national aims" to which M. Diamondy must have referred, if he spoke as asserted, centre in the acquisition of Bukovina, in southern Galicia, whose inhabitants are in part Rumanian. The country of King Charles proved in the second Balkan War, in its virtual blackmail of Bulgaria, that its acquisitiveness is not likely to be limited by a sensitive fear lest it be accused of cynicism and self-interest. But the mission to Italy, to be sure, may concern nothing more than the curbing of Turkey. In any case, the lesson to be drawn from the present attitude of the Balkans—Bulgaria is now reported pro-Russian—is of the

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strategic value of early victories in influencing wavering or lukewarm neighbors.

The excellent suggestion has been made by Miss Mabel Choate that on Sunday, October 4, the day set apart by the President for prayers for peace, collections in all the churches in the country should be devoted to the immediate use of the Red Cross in its work of humanity in the war-ravaged countries of Europe. It is sincerely to be hoped that the ministers of religion, of all creeds and sects, will pay heed to this most admirable suggestion and act upon it promptly and earnestly. Usually it is extremely difficult to centre upon a given benevolent purpose the attention of millions of people throughout the country, with sufficient effectiveness to bring about immediately a great material result. But such is not the case in this instance. The President's designation of the day will undoubtedly result in a general observance of it for the purpose he named. The thoughts of all our people will on that day be fixed upon the idea of America's peculiar duty and opportunity as a representative of humane endeavor in this time of fearful trial for the nations of Europe. Unless that sentiment is wholly insincere, there must be millions of men and women who will be glad to attest its genuineness by contributing from their means, great or small, towards works of mercy for which, however generous the response, the resources cannot begin to be as great as the need.

The accession of Great Britain and France to the ever-widening group of nations which have given their adhesion to the plan of submitting to investigation by a permanent international Commission any dispute which may arise between them and this country offers cause for profound satisfaction to President Wilson and Secretary Bryan. To get a method like this formulated in a definite treaty constitutes a gain far beyond that attaching to the concrete applications of it which may be expected to arise—though this gain is by no means one to be despised. The plan formulated is, in point of fact, but the crystallization of a policy the spirit of which has in practice governed nearly all of our dealings with foreign nations for the better part of a century. Yet if this plan had been in operation during that crisis which came to a climax with the destruction of the Maine, it is highly probable that there would have been no war with Spain; the interval allowed for investigation would probably have been so utilized as to effect a settlement of the Cuban trouble without armed intervention on our part. But over and above any specific cases of this nature in which these treaties may prove useful in the future, their mere existence must exercise a silent but steady pressure on the disposition of nations in general to take recourse to methods of discussion and delay when war seems imminent. It would be childish to imagine that any treaty understanding of this kind could, of itself, operate as a preventive of war in the face of mighty passions and desires such as are at the bottom of the present vast struggle; but to familiarize the mind with the possibilities of such methods is to reinforce in some measure the agencies which tend to stay the hand of rulers, and fix the responsibility for the awful issue of their decision.

If there has ever been a case of a great European Power having a diplomatic representative on this side the Atlantic so preposterously insolent to the United States as Sir Lionel Carden has been, we fail to recall the instance. The interview concerning Mexico which was published last week as coming from him may be repudiated; but it differs only in the unbridled offensiveness of its language from previous utterances with which he has been credited and which, so far as we know, have never been denied. A mere denial on the part of Sir Lionel Carden—unless it should take the shape of an assertion that the whole thing was a fabrication, and this it is hardly likely to do—will not by any means suffice to satisfy the requirements of the case. It is to be hoped that the British Ambassador at Washington will make it plain to the Foreign Office at London that the conduct of this evidently unfit representative of the British Government is deeply resented by the American people, whether or not our own Government at Washington may think best to make any representation on the subject.

It is reported that the protest of the British Consul at Rio Janeiro against the transfer of the steamship Robert Dollar from British to American registry has been withdrawn; and it is difficult to see where England had either practical interest or legal justification in preventing it. In the first place, the vessel had been American-owned for two years, carrying the British flag only to evade our harsh navigation laws; so that in equity it did not come under the British declaration against transfer of ship-ownership during war. Secondly, such transfer in no wise affected any belligerent nation hostile to England. But the protest shows how jealously suspicious England is of any potential precedent for the transfer of the Hamburg-American liners or the North German or Austrian Lloyd liners, giving millions of dollars to her enemies. The proposed shipping bill not merely authorized American registry of ships owned by Americans before the war, but of all bought during the war. England will evidently not sustain her objection to the first class of registrations. But the difficulties ahead of us if we attempt to begin the second are obvious; and they are emphasized by the refusal of the Brazilian Government to permit the Robert Dollar to leave port until the whole merits of the case are made plain.

The American army and navy officers who have insisted on promotion by selection and by aid of plucking boards in order that young men may reach high commands when still in their prime, will find nothing in the ages of the leading German generals to support their contentions. In the German army there is no fixed retirement for age applying to all officers, but there is rigid retirement at any time that an officer appears unfit for his position or fails to do well in his duties, or in any way is unable to measure up to the high physical and mental standards of the service. Let an officer be overslaughed in a marked way, and his resignation or application for retirement is tendered forthwith. Never was there, as a whole, more rigid selection—though not wholly uninfluenced by court favor; yet what do we find? Gen. von Emmich, the capturer of Liège, is sixty-six, and Gen. von Kluck is sixty-eight—the one two years and the other four above the compulsory American retiring age. Gen. von Hausen, who has just given up the command of the Saxon army, because of real or assumed illness, is sixty-eight; Gen. von Heeringen is sixty-four, and Gen. von Einem sixty-one. Gen. von Bülow is also sixty-eight, and Gen. von Moltke, upon whose shoulders rest the heaviest burdens, is sixty-six. Nearly all of these officers are campaigning in France for the second time, having been young ensigns or lieutenants in 1870. Gen. von Hindenburg, whose success on the Russian boundary has made him famous, is sixty-seven. On the English side, Kitchener is sixty-four, Smith-Dorrien fifty-six, Sir John French sixty-two, and Gen. Grierson, who died in France the other day, was fifty-five; while the three French generals, Pau, Joffre, and Gallieni, are all approaching seventy. Plainly, among the generals of this war the Osler theory does

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not apply, nor the American military belief that you must have middle-aged men for the highest positions.

Not often is a campaign of filibustering in the Senate viewed with so friendly an eye by the people of the country, without distinction of party, as is that which has been waged against the pork-barrel—*alias* the River and Harbor—bill. From the way in which public opinion looks upon the matter, it ought to be plain to the Democratic leaders that their party will suffer severely in the Congressional campaign if it identifies itself with that idea of profligate expenditure with which River and Harbor bills built on the log-rolling plan are so conspicuously identified in the public mind. Of course, what gives the case such unusual point at the present time is the circumstance that at the very moment when the majority party seemed bent on forcing this expenditure through until compelled by the determined opposition of a few Senators to think of dropping it, that same majority party was engaged in constructing an emergency tax bill to meet the needs of the Treasury due to the cutting off of revenue by the war. The Democratic leaders had better lose no time in taking up a more desirable position than that of a party putting an unusual tax on the people and at the same time refusing to cut off expenditures that are not only unnecessary but in large part scandalous.

Because of the wholly unprecedented conditions which surrounded our export and import trade in August, the Government's report on the month's total results in the country's foreign commerce is of particular interest. There had, for instance, been very great curiosity as to whether our inward trade or our outward trade had suffered most severely by the varying phases of the war embargo. On that question depended largely this market's position in the matter of international exchange. The figures show that, notwithstanding an export of cereals never equalled in any previous August, the month's total export trade decreased $77,500,000 from 1913, while the decrease in imports was only $8,200,000. As a consequence, imports exceeded exports by $19,000,000, as against a $50,200,000 excess of exports over imports in August, 1913. Not in a generation has so considerable an excess of imports resulted during August.

This result cannot yet be accepted as a full and fair indication of the effect of war on our foreign trade. For one thing, the temporarily almost complete embargo on ocean service, in the first fortnight of August, hit our export business disastrously, because even the vessels in our ports were unable or unwilling to sail. But meantime, merchandise which had been shipped from abroad to this country before the war broke out, and which was on the water during those early weeks of complete uncertainty, continued to come in. Neither fear of capture nor inability to draw exchange against the cargoes could affect those deliveries. When the position in these regards had improved, towards the middle of the month, export business increased, as the weekly grain trade figures have already demonstrated, while the arrivals of imported merchandise correspondingly decreased, because they then reflected the chaotic conditions at the opening of August. But the greater part of the month was governed by the circumstances which cut down exports without greatly affecting imports. Our weekly grain exports in September have increased enormously, as compared both with August and with September of last year. On the other hand, however, our cotton exports, which last month were only $1,300,000, as against an average of $16,000,000 for August in the four preceding years, have been running, even this month, at a weekly total barely 10 per cent. of last year's figures.

"Remarkable" is none too strong a word for the series of inquiries conducted by the Federal Commission, on Industrial Relations, which are now to be embodied in a report to Congress. That report, it is safe to say, will constitute a work of unique value in the field of labor discussion. The issues involved have been especially clear-cut in the Western portion of the investigation, where it is plain that there is a gross lack of understanding by both employers and employees, especially the former, of the fundamental causes of industrial unrest. Another fact that stands out in the entire investigation is that all of the agencies devised and set in motion for bringing about justice in industrial disputes have in one place or another broken down. The report will doubtless deal with the causes of these failures, and will have some suggestions to offer for rendering them less likely; but its chief value will lie in the mass of information it will assemble for use by students and legislators.

It is just like Connecticut, which gave Roosevelt in 1912 only half as many votes as it gave Taft, to stick to the "obsolete" convention system. But how are we to explain the results of its Democratic State Convention? For the party's candidate for the Senate it chose Gov. Baldwin, and for a platform it selected such planks as one declaring for the short ballot, another favoring the direct primary, and others pledging the party, against the Governor's wishes, to submit a woman suffrage amendment to the State Constitution, and urging legislation "that will cure the free-pass evil and eliminate the professional lobbyist from legislative proceedings." A Progressive primary could hardly do more than this! Gov. Baldwin wins the Senatorial nomination at a fortunate moment. Had he been a candidate before the last Legislature, he might in the end have been elected; but as no party had a majority on joint ballot, six Progressives holding the balance of power, a deadlock would have been likely, as was the case in Illinois and elsewhere for some weeks. Now, with Senators chosen directly, his election is highly probable.

Illinois Democrats, who gave Champ Clark a majority of 140,000 over Woodrow Wilson in the Presidential primary of 1912, are the first to endorse Wilson for renomination. For the first time within the memory of living men, their State Convention had nothing to quarrel about. Indeed, the delegates to all three conventions of the Democrats, Republicans, and Progressives, which met at Springfield on the same day, might have assembled under the same roof, so far as the platforms go. All three declare for the extension of the merit system and for a corrupt practices act, even the scandal of the Lorimer election not having induced the Legislature to pass such a measure. The Republicans and the Progressives favor complete woman suffrage, and the Democratic platform includes the question as one of those with which a constitutional convention should deal in the near future. The most important matter before the conventions was that of the amendment of the State Constitution, a problem that has long been troubling the State. The Constitution contains the peculiar provision that only one article may be amended at a time, unless by a constitutional convention; as the advocates of various amendments can never agree upon which one shall be first submitted, the provision usually operates as a prohibition against amending the instrument at all. As a corollary to this confusion, the advocates of amendments differ upon the best way of getting rid of the obstacle to amendment, some desiring a constitutional convention, others preferring a change in the peculiar article defining the process of amendment.

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THE WORK OF THE GERMAN "MACHINE."

At the end of the first week of mobilization the German Chief of Staff, Gen. von Moltke, announced to the country that not a hitch had occurred; not even a single inquiry for further instructions, or a complaint, had been received at General Staff headquarters. For seven days four millions of men had been turning soldiers, a peaceful nation was being transformed into one in arms, and not in the slightest detail had it appeared that anything had gone wrong. At the end of the second week the record was the same; the operation was complete. Millions of reserves had joined their commands, and long-planned organizations had sprung into being. Each man had received his orders, picked up his kit, and gone to the front. For, while mobilization was going on, concentration, the *Aufmarsch*, was taking place as well. At the end of two weeks the machine was complete, was massed on three frontiers, and to the west was ready for that forward stroke of which we now know. Whether that is to end in disaster or not, the fact remains that in all history there is nothing to surpass this triumph of human planning and organization. With all respect for Russian and French achievements along the same line, the palm must be awarded to the German thoroughness, for it made possible that triumphant march through Belgium and France which never stopped until it was seventeen miles from Paris.

Few Americans can appreciate the extent of the advance planning involved in this mobilization, or the labor expended to keep it up to date. The French went to war in their historic red-trousered uniforms; the Germans appeared in their gray khaki, the existence of which was hardly known abroad. Each soldier had new shoes, new underclothing, had received his written instructions what train to take, and what seat to occupy. Food for the journey was given to him, and when his train reached certain stations hot drinks were served to him. He had no thinking to do, only to read his order. Nowhere was there the slightest confusion, or a mix-up of any kind, and everywhere the most spontaneous enthusiasm and determination, due to the fact that, strange as it seems to us, the German nation feels that it has been sadly put upon; that war was not of its seeking, or in the slightest degree due to the Kaiser or his Ambassadors. But mobilization means far more than moving troops, for telephones, telegraphs, and railways were taken over by the military, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of factories ceased work instantly on civilian contracts and began to labor exclusively for the General Staff, making biscuits, clothing, shoes, munitions, etc. Every pound of copper was seized at once and reserved for military purposes. For this, as for everything else purchased for the army, the Government is paying in cash.

More than that, on the sixth day of mobilization, August 7, while the process of calling out and concentrating was going on, and the army was thus being enormously expanded, Gen. von Emmich captured Liège with only three divisions, and those still at peace strength. For this we now have the official word of the Quartermaster-General of the German army, von Stein, who states that the reserves did not overtake the Hanover troops led by von Emmich before Liège fell. One of its forts succumbed after three shots from one of the new siege guns. The Germans insist that there was no delay at Liège whatever; that the time spent there was the regular and expected waiting for the mobilization and the concentration to be completed. The minute the mobilization period of fourteen days was over, the forward movement began, with its tremendous early successes.

And yet this incredibly efficient machine, whatever the final outcome, has failed to accomplish its purpose; it has neither taken Paris, nor surrounded the Allied armies with a ring of steel, nor held its ground in France. The policy of blood and iron has for the present been blocked; for the first time in 101 years a great German army has met with a real check. The supreme test of the greatest of machines is now before us. How will it stand up under defeat? Will the defects of its qualities lead to its undoing? It is a wonderful thing to have the heads of the machine do all the thinking and planning and to reduce the soldiers merely to pawns. But when the parts of such a machine begin to crack and break, sometimes it appears that the more perfect the machine the greater the damage. For one thing, the pawns are not apt to know what to do when their thinking is not done for them. The very fact that theirs has been a perfect machine has deprived them of the experience acquired in meeting unforeseen emergencies. It is more than questionable whether his training does not make the German soldier less versatile and adaptable than those of other nations. Again, the point of view of the officers that the men are merely pawns, and that their plans are to be carried out without regard to the blood spilt, may prove a great source of weakness, if not of undoing; it may appear that more was expected of the machine than could be accomplished by one which is, after all, composed of human elements. Physical exhaustion may prove to be the real explanation for the failure of the tidal wave to engulf Paris.

By this we do not mean to imply that this wonderful machine has already collapsed; he who thinks that, errs gravely. The thoroughness of the German General Staff must have provided for every contingency. The fortifications in Alsace-Lorraine and along the Rhine were built for defensive purposes; even the overweening self-confidence of the General Staff must have reckoned on a possible defeat, and made its plans accordingly. In East Prussia we have seen what a defensive-offensive can accomplish; two severe defeats are admitted by the Russians. No one can assert, moreover, with the facts thus far before us, that the German retreat in France was anything like a rout. Their army chiefs are now fighting for the preservation of the Empire, and under that stress the machine will still accomplish wonders—provided that the human element does not fail it. They must not carry their blood-and-iron policy too far, lest their machine collapse from over-strain and their resources be wantonly wasted. And they must not forget that the deciding factor may be the plight of those Germans, men, women, and children, not included within the scope of the military machine—those who suffer at home and may ere long face starvation.

MEXICO.

In more ways than one, the withdrawal of the American troops from Vera Cruz, now ordered by the President, will be the end of a notable chapter of history. What story the new chapter in Mexico's annals will tell remains matter open for conjecture—conjecture which must take its color as much from the temper of the observer as from the record that lies behind us. Some look forward with confidence, others with hope, still others with rooted distrust that anything good can come out of self-rule in a country that has so long a history of turbulence and revolution behind it. But, whatever the future may bring forth, some things stand clearly accomplished for the present—things that absolutely give the lie to predictions of failure and predictions of evil, which, not many months ago, were given out without hesitation or qualification, and found very wide acceptance.

First and foremost, Mr. Wilson's order stamps indelibly upon the whole course of the President and of our country, in this

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extraordinary episode, the seal of absolute good faith. That his intentions, and ours, were true and upright, was never open to honest and intelligent doubt; and it is long since any doubt of them has been expressed in a responsible quarter. Yet between intention and fulfilment there is always a gap; and now that gap has been filled. That in the actual march of events to this happy end he has been favored by fortunate developments upon which he could not have counted with certainty, is true enough; he ran a great risk when he sent the troops to Mexico, and the outcome might easily have proved far different from what it has been. But the real saving factor in the case, whether aided by adventitious circumstances or not, was the rectitude of the President's purpose from first to last. If his sending of troops to Vera Cruz carried with it the danger of a needless war, his unceasing vigilance, the constant exertion of every resource of his mind to shape results towards a peaceful settlement, was the force that averted that calamity. Not for a moment did he admit the insistent and insidious plea—to which few men would have failed to succumb—that war was bound to come, and therefore the best plan was to push on with vigor; he trusted to the resources of diplomacy and persuasion, and to the countless possibilities that time might develop. He was prepared to appeal to the *ultima ratio* of nations; but it was really and truly as a *last* resort that he contemplated the abandonment of the resources of reason in favor of those of war.

But the chapter of history which the President's order has brought to a close did not begin with the landing of the troops at Vera Cruz. It had its beginning in the very first days of his Administration; and it is characterized, with a fidelity rarely to be found in a mere label, by the catchword "watchful waiting" which has so universally been used in referring to it. That policy has succeeded beyond the most hopeful expectations, we venture to say, of the President himself; certainly beyond those of the majority of his supporters in it. As for those who treated that policy with ridicule and contempt, it is worth while at this moment to say something more about their view than that events have falsified their judgment. This might be—indeed, in part it doubtless has been—the result of favoring chance; the only way to avoid the danger of judging falsely of the future is not to judge of the future at all. But the truth is that the critics of the President made two real mistakes in their weighing of his programme. In the first place, they seemed to think that by watchful waiting the President meant simply looking on while Carranza and Villa knocked Huerta out, and then letting the mess work itself out as it might; whereas they ought to have known that he was counting on the exercise, in a score of ways, of influence that would so shape affairs after Huerta's downfall as to satisfy the needs of a stable order in Mexico. And secondly, they failed to make allowance for the existence of factors in the situation that might furnish the means by which such a policy could be carried out.

Of these overlooked factors, two have played a signal part in bringing about the actual result. The first is the potent interposition of the South American mediators. The bringing in of their participation was a stroke of statesmanship whose efficacy in unravelling the Huerta-Carranza tangle is hardly more notable than is its value as a precedent in the future relations of our country with the republics to the south of us. And the second factor is to be found in the conduct of the Constitutionalist leaders themselves. Neither Carranza nor Villa has proved to be one-tenth so black as he had been painted. Carranza is neither a mass of trickery, nor, as was sometimes asserted, a mere figurehead and nonentity; Villa, whatever may have been the beginnings of his career, is something very different from the purely selfish and utterly ignorant cutthroat and robber that we were led to picture him. President Wilson has utilized the possibilities of aid from friendly Powers kindred in feeling and origin to Mexico, and he has utilized the possibilities of reason and good will that were to be found in the Constitutionalist leaders themselves. The easy way is to sweep aside all such possibilities, and hack one's way through to a solution; Mr. Wilson chose the more difficult but infinitely the better way. And he has his reward in a victory of peace and of sagacity which will ever inure to his own honor and his country's.

WHY IT IS SO WITH THE PROGRESSIVES.

The Maine election, with its meagre showing of Progressive strength, was not a surprise to the country, and Col. Roosevelt is reported as saying that it was not a surprise to him. Since that election, there has come the report of a conference between the Colonel and Mr. Perkins on the one hand and leaders of the Progressive party in Maryland on the other. The interesting feature of this report is to be found in a long extract which Mr. Roosevelt—as a simple method of stating his position in regard to fusion—read to the gentlemen in conference from a letter which he had recently written. It winds up with this statement of the existing situation:

> As things are now, it is worse than useless to support the few Republicans who announce that they are for me, but that they intend to remain in the Republican party, for this merely means that if elected they will strengthen the great mass of Republicans who not only intend to oppose me, which is unimportant, but to oppose all the things for which I stand, which is very important.

Now, as a matter of form, this is a stout enough assertion of party integrity. No alliance, it says, with the enemy; no surrender of the party's identity or its purposes. But when we look through the whole document for any sign of real vitality we find it wholly absent. There is much about the Colonel's "purposes," and about "everything I represent," and about "good government," and about "decent Republicans," and about "the worst policies and practices of the Bourbons two years ago"; but not a syllable that carries the impress of a splendid fight in a great and inspiring cause. This in itself would, of course, show nothing; the trouble is that what is lacking in this particular utterance has likewise been almost completely lacking in the Colonel's talk generally since his return from his travels. The difference between the ring of what he and, for that matter, Progressive spokesmen generally are saying now and the ring of that outburst of militant enthusiasm which marked the early days of the party is all the difference between a party which feels itself alive and growing and a party which hardly knows whether it is worth while to go on living or not. There is no "Onward, Christian Soldiers," there is no "New Nationalism," there is no "Social Justice"; there is little more than the cry against bossism and the tiresome repetition of the stereotyped epithet "reactionary." The party is barely two years old, but it seems to be suffering from a clearly marked case of premature senility.

Nor is the reason far to seek. The Progressive party came into being upon an insubstantial basis. It would not be correct to say that it was solely a one-man party—a personal following, and not a political organization at all. It is of course true that both its genesis and its ability to cut a large figure in the Presidential election were clearly due to the extraordinary hold of Col. Roosevelt upon a large fraction of the American people; but it is not this fact that we have in mind when we say that the party had an insubstantial basis. What we mean is that its principles were sentimental rather than rational, its policies vaguely and

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hastily conceived, its aims shadowy, its pretensions unreal. It has not had the courage of its convictions, because its convictions are not made of the stuff that can endure the wear and tear of political realities. It does not stand by "The New Nationalism," because it had never thought out—nor its leader before it—what it meant by "The New Nationalism." It does not stand by "Social Justice," because the social justice for which it was ready to fight differed very little, when it came to be examined, from that which pretty much all of us were perfectly willing to promote, though perhaps we wished to go about it with less noise and with more deliberation. For that kind of social justice—be it good or bad—which involves anything like a fundamental change in the existing economic order it never even thought of fighting. In a word, it raised a tremendous racket over issues which were not substantial enough to create a party; and it mistook the hectic fervor of a camp-meeting revival for the advent of a new religion.

All this is pointedly illustrated in the history of two things—two closely related things, as it happens—which have figured very conspicuously in the Progressive crusade. The type of measure which Mr. Roosevelt's programme of "Social Justice" contemplates is that represented by Workmen's Compensation acts; so much so, that a very large part of what he has said on the subject relates expressly to the need of such acts. Now if one were to get one's impression of the prospects of such legislation from Mr. Roosevelt's speeches of a couple of years ago, one would inevitably believe, first, that the old parties were so reactionary or corrupt, and the power of capitalistic interests so supreme, that it was next to impossible to have any such measure enacted; and secondly, that if it were enacted, the judges were so fossilized, and Constitutions so impossible to amend, that unless we introduced the "recall of judicial decisions" the people's will, even if it prevailed in the Legislature, would be hopelessly nullified by the courts. Now, as a matter of fact, a Workmen's Compensation act was passed in this State, without any special difficulty, about four years ago; and the very moment it was declared a violation of the Constitution, steps were taken to amend that instrument so as to permit the enactment of the most liberal measure that the Legislature might choose to pass. And in the short time that has since elapsed, the amendment has been passed (as the Constitution requires) by two successive Legislatures, ratified by the people, and followed up by the enactment of the most liberal measure of the kind in the world. "Social Justice" is a fine mouth-filling phrase; but the things that the Progressives mean to cover by it are things that belong in the ordinary field of progress without a capital P; and the means by which they can be attained are in our hands without resort to any happy-thought inventions that fly in the face of the fundamental principles of our governmental system.

THE NEW HEARING ON RAILWAY RATES.

Responding to the petition of the Eastern railways—that the rate case decided at the end of last July be reopened for possible modification of the Interstate Commerce Commission's order of that date—the Commission on Saturday agreed to this reopening, and fixed October 19 for the initial hearing. The railways are asking for a larger increase in rates than was granted by the July order. Under the terms of that order the railways were allowed to make advances ranging from 5 per cent. down to 1½, instead of the general average of 5 per cent. which they had asked for.

Their request for reconsideration the railways now base chiefly on the ground that since the issuance of the July order, "facts and circumstances have arisen which, taken in connection with the facts already before your Commission, your petitioners believe will justify the relief." Those facts and circumstances are obviously the effect of the European war upon our industries. The law under which the rates were fixed provides for continuance of duly ordered rates "for such period of time, not exceeding two years, as shall be prescribed in the order of the Commission"; but it limits this provision by the words, "unless the same shall be suspended or modified or set aside by the Commission." This modification is now to be considered, in the light of the new situation caused by the foreign war.

Foremost among the conditions created by the war has been the complete derangement of the market for home and international capital. When refusing, last July, the full rate increase asked by the railways, the Commission thus referred to the argument of increased cost of capital:

> The principal danger suggested was that the carriers would encounter great difficulty in renewing their maturing short-term notes and other obligations unless investors were assured that the carriers' revenues would be increased immediately. Subsequent developments have shown that there was little foundation for any such view.

During the world-wide financial stringency prevailing in 1913 the railroads, in common with States, cities, and the industries, found it difficult to secure loans, however good the security, but with the growing ease in the money markets this difficulty has largely disappeared.

The petition of the railways last week now points to the war's "unparalleled destruction of wealth and dislocation of capital." It reminds the Commission that, with the certainty that "competition for capital will be keener and interest rates higher, for some years to come, than in any corresponding period within living memory," and with enormous sums of railway obligations maturing within that period, the emergency is for the railways extremely serious. This is the new question for consideration of which the case has been reopened.

There are two reasons why this particular phase of the situation vitally affects the railways, and through them the interests of the community at large. With borrowing power so unexpectedly and so violently curtailed, the normal recourse would be, to depend more largely than heretofore on current revenues for improvement of railway facilities. This is one fair argument for higher rates. Quite aside from that consideration, the prospect that the railways can renew, on possible terms, their maturing obligations, is bound to depend on the extent to which such loans are based on an enterprise whose surplus revenues are sufficient to inspire confidence. Under existing circumstances, we regard this second consideration as paramount. It affects the whole financial position of this country, whose dislocation, as a result of the European war, is at the moment engaging the most anxious emergency expedients of the banking community.

Our foreign exchange market stands at virtually prohibitive rates, because of the difficulty of financing our present maturing obligations to Europe without draining our banking reservoirs of gold. Our stock exchanges are kept closed because no one feels sure, in case of their being reopened, how large would be the consequent sale of American securities by European investors—a movement of liquidation which, if it were to be as large as some estimates suppose, would complicate infinitely the problem of adjusting the country's position on international exchange. In advance of any such liquidation, on a reopened Stock Exchange, the banks of the whole country are being called upon to draw on their gold reserves pro rata, in a concerted movement to meet our other foreign obligations and maintain our international credit.

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That the achievement of this task, through inducing foreign investors to renew their loans to American corporations or to refrain from selling back the stocks and bonds they hold, would be greatly simplified if the question of earning power were cleared from obscurity, through some further advance in rates, it is hardly necessary to argue. We are perfectly well aware that the argument is dangerous, for the reason that it might be applied with even greater force to a sweeping increase of rates. But no one expects such action as that, and no one has asked for it. The question really hangs on the Commission's withholding, in its July order, of the full 5 per cent. increase applied for by the railways.

Two of the seven Commissioners dissented, on grounds which were carefully and vigorously set forth, from the decision of the majority of their colleagues. At best, the decision rested on certain presumptions whose correctness could be established only by experiment, and on certain suggestions of economies whose effectiveness could be tested only by time. But months of time and experiment, in doubtful and disputed questions, where the facts may eventually not bear out the Commissioners' contention, are precisely what cannot be awaited, in the present extraordinary juncture. And if they could, there would still remain the immense dislocation which has been brought upon the financial world by the European war—some of the urgent problems arising from which call for immediate solution.

HARVARD'S FRESHMAN DORMITORIES.

To our mind, no more interesting experiment has been undertaken in any Eastern university in recent years than the establishment of the freshman dormitories which go into service at Harvard when the College opens next week. It is, as our readers are aware, an effort to democratize Harvard, to mix more thoroughly the diverse elements which once a year are cast into that academic melting-pot. More than that, it introduces certain features of British undergraduate life into our college world, and will tend to emphasize the difference between Harvard College and Harvard University. It is by all odds President Lowell's most important undertaking, and, if successful, is certain to be imitated elsewhere. Already this group of noble buildings has set Harvard men to asking why the upper classmen should not have similarly attractive quarters instead of the run-down and in part hideously ugly dormitories that detract from the historic buildings in the "Yard" at Cambridge.

During the later years of Mr. Eliot's presidency Harvard was singularly indifferent to the housing of her students. A couple of modern but prison-like dormitories were built in an unfortunate situation, but for years the College neither modernized its old dormitories nor attempted to regulate the investments of private capital. It was held to be the affair of the capitalists if they put up more and more luxurious buildings on what soon became known as the "Gold Coast." The result was that Harvard not only got the name of being a costly college to attend, but of encouraging luxury and pandering to the sons of the idle rich. If this was wholly unjust, it is undeniable that these expensive private dormitories gravely emphasized the cleavage in the undergraduate body between those favored by the gods as to worldly possessions and social position and those who were not; and thus did grave injury to the College. The administration of Mr. Lowell, deeply impressed with the lack of a cohesive class-spirit, the continual breaking up of classes into cliques and groups, which scarcely knew one another, and were almost in the frame of mind to regard one another as enemies, found that it was not necessary for the College to sit by helpless and do nothing to counteract the evil tendency. Hence came the decision to put the entire freshman class on an equality as to living accommodations, and to see to it that groups from the big preparatory schools and large cities did not flock by themselves.

The group of nine buildings which is to house the freshmen is situated on the banks of the Charles River, near the bridge to Soldiers' Field. They are singularly successful architecturally, being the handsomest structures that have gone up at Harvard within the memory of man, and are an adaptation of the early Colonial style, from which Harvard, like Yale and others, should never have departed. The credit for their planning belongs to Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge, the Boston architects. There are three divisions, Standish and Gore Halls and the Smith Halls, each consisting of three buildings, in the centre one of which are the commons and living-room. There is one great kitchen, from which the three commons are served, and the occupants are required to take their meals there; the board will be about $5 a week. What this departure alone will mean to thousands of men it would be hard to exaggerate; but there are multitudes of Harvard men who will recall with a shudder their plunge into college life by way of Memorial Hall, or unfriendly boarding places, and the hopeless loneliness of the early days, without friends or ties, and a bedroom in some cheap frame boarding house. After these new buildings are initiated it will no longer be possible to tell the old story of the Harvard professor who accosted a wistful freshman and asked if he were looking for some one. "Not I," was the apocryphal response; "I don't know anybody this side of the Rockies."

Still another interesting feature of the dormitories is that each suite, however cheap, has its bathroom—something long frowned on by Harvard as an effeminate luxury—and that all the rooms are furnished by the College. Rents range from $35 to $225, which will materially bring down the cost of the average freshman's bill of expense. The furnishing is uniform, but in excellent, simple taste, and the whole effect is such that most graduates who visit these halls will, we are sure, wish they might go to college all over again, not only because of the quiet of the groups, which ought speedily to have a genuine academic atmosphere, with their fine lawns, their flower-beds, and their new-planted ivy; but because of the opportunity to meet and know all sorts and conditions of men from all quarters of the United States, and daily to break bread with them.

Of course, so unusual an experiment has had its critics. For instance, some think the accommodations too uniform; some complain that it will be a hardship on the very poor boys, who will no longer be able to shrink into remote quarters and hide their poverty. The answer to this is that the poor boy may learn in the cheerful air of comradeship, which should prevail here, that poverty implies no disgrace, and is nothing to apologize for. To us the criticisms are hardly worth considering in comparison with the high aim, the democratic results, certain to be achieved, and the scholastic benefits to accrue. The only real objection we have heard is that the freshman class is going to overflow the new buildings at once, and that some unfortunates will have to go elsewhere. Defects and disappointments may develop, but to-day President Lowell and Harvard are heartily to be congratulated on the new departure; every one who hopes for real democracy in our colleges must join in wishing for its complete success. For the coming of true social democracy at Harvard may presage the day of a genuine intellectual democracy within its walls as well.

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Chronicle of the War

The past week has been the least spectacular one since the war began, but it has probably seen more severe fighting and heavier losses than any other. Since September 13, when, as we saw last week, the German armies in the west stayed their retreat from the Marne, and took up a strong position along the Aisne River, there has been in progress a tremendous struggle, which is still, as we write, undecided. From Noyon, west of the River Oise, to Verdun is some 125 miles, and from Verdun southeast to Nancy is another fifty. To visualize a modern battle along such a line as this, where it would take an express train three hours to go from the extreme right wing to the extreme left, is utterly impossible. We can only see it as a series of individual battles, isolated yet coördinated, and this is exactly what the battle of the Aisne has resolved itself into.

On the whole, the course of events, if not the progress of the actual fighting, is in favor of the Allies. For them even a severe defeat, unless it involved, as is extremely unlikely, the cutting off of an army, would be by no means an irretrievable disaster. It would mean merely that they would retreat again, if necessary, as far back as their line on the Marne, where, doubtless, strong defences have already been prepared, and they would be in the same situation that they were in three weeks ago, when the long retreat from Belgium came to an end. For the Germans, on the other hand, defeat would mean the failure of their whole campaign in northern France. They would be driven back on the line of frontier fortifications between Maubeuge and Sedan. Their offensive movement would be definitely terminated, and the whole precious month, since the attack at Mons began on August 23, would have been wasted.

It is needless to reiterate what has already been emphasized in these columns—the importance of time to the German strategic plan; but it may be pointed out that, even apart from its ultimate result, this long-drawn-out battle on the Aisne is to the advantage of the Allies. If the Russian successes in Galicia have not been quite so overwhelming as dispatches from Petrograd ten days ago would have had us believe, they have been sufficiently great. The Austrian armies are still capable of offering a stern resistance at Przemysl, but it seems probable that only time is required for the Russians to complete the victory that was begun at Lemberg and continued at Krasnik and Tomaszow. Meanwhile the position in the west renders it out of the question for Germany to detach more troops for the relief of the situation in the east.

Still another point should be noted. Modern warfare, at least if we may judge by the course of events in the present war, is largely a matter of mathematics. In the end the greater battalions win. Germany, almost beyond any question, has now put into the field every man that she can command. France also has reached the limit of her resources, as has Servia, and, probably, Austria. There remain Great Britain and Russia. The latter is supposed to have at the moment a force approaching 2,000,000 men in the field, and can raise 3,000,000 more if required and if time allows. Great Britain has on the line of battle some 165,000 men, and should still have over 100,000 more regulars on whom she can draw, besides the territorial force, ninety battalions of which have volunteered for active service, and the new army recently raised, which is fast approaching the half-million, if it has not already reached that figure. These numbers are exclusive of the Indian and colonial troops, who are now on their way, and some of whom may have already reached the front. Clearly, the Allies will ultimately have more men to send to the shambles than will Germany.

Even in the actual fighting on the Aisne, however, the Allies have had by no means the worst of it. The German position on the low hills around Rheims is one of exceptional strength, and has been strongly intrenched. We know, too, that considerable reinforcements have been sent to the support of the army of Gen. von Kluck on the right wing. Yet against this wing the Allies seem to have gained at any rate some eight or ten miles since the battle began. The line of battle has been from Noyon, on the right of the Oise, to Craonne, north of the Aisne, thence to the hills north of Rheims, to Souain (the capture of which by the French was reported on Monday), and through the wooded Argonne to Montfaucon. Here the line bends around Verdun, on which the army of the Crown Prince was reported to have begun another attack on Monday, and follows a southeasterly direction to Nancy.

The principal interest has centred, as throughout the campaign, on the operations of the left wing of the Allies. Their superiority in numbers has enabled them to persist in a turning movement here which has constantly threatened the flank of von Kluck's army. We read of their having taken Lassigny, eight miles west of Noyon, where they must overlap the German right wing, and on Tuesday the London *Times* reported the appearance of fresh forces around Péronne, which is thirty miles northwest of Noyon and seventeen miles in the same direction from St. Quentin. The expression "fresh forces" is rather mysterious, and there has been, up to the time of writing, no official confirmation of the *Times* dispatch. Nevertheless, it is a natural supposition, in line with the general strategy of Gen. Joffre, as we have seen it, to assume the presence of a force of the Allies in the neighborhood of Péronne, which may either consist of fresh troops recently landed at Dieppe, or may be the same army of Paris which played so effective a part in the battle of the Marne. At all events, the danger to the German right wing is obvious.

On the German side, it is doubtless to counter this danger and to relieve the pressure on the right that the army of the Crown Prince has again desperately attacked Verdun. We learn, however, from the same dispatch from Berlin, that at this point there are eight French army corps, and if these numbers are correctly represented, there should be no danger of the line giving way. A similarly desperate attack was initiated on Tuesday against the Allied centre, following the heavy bombardment of Rheims, and from Berlin came the official announcement of the capture of strong hilly positions at Craonne and of the village of Bétheny, three miles to the north of Rheims. Evidently the Germans are renewing their attempts of last week to pierce the Allies' centre, but there seems no reason to expect that this attempt will be more successful than previous efforts.

Lack of trustworthy information makes it difficult to tell exactly what has happened in the eastern campaign. Much of our information comes by way of Rome, a source which has constantly proved itself untrustworthy; accounts from Petrograd have a tendency to exaggerate the extent of Russian victories; Berlin confines itself principally to reporting German successes in East Prussia and Poland; Vienna, when it speaks at all, is usually content to issue sweeping denials of everything that has come from Petrograd and to assert the invincibility of Austrian armies. Comparing these accounts, it is possible only to sum up the situation in a general way. As we suggested last week, it seems probable that Russian attention has been almost wholly concentrated on Austria, and that the excursion into East Prussia was intended as little more than a feint to lighten the pressure on the Allies in the west by compelling a certain diversion of German troops to meet the raid. This object has been accomplished, although at severe cost. It is probable that the Russians have now been entirely cleared out of East Prussia, for dispatches received as early as Friday of last week from Petrograd and Berlin agreed on this point, the former stating that the army of Gen. Rennenkampf had frustrated the attempt to outflank him and had fallen back on the fortresses on the Russian side of the border, the latter declaring that the German advance had penetrated to Grodno.

In Galicia the retreating Austrian armies, though badly shattered, have nevertheless succeeded in joining forces and, as we write, appear to be offering battle on the left bank of the San River, on a line between Przemysl and Jaroslau. Dispatches from Petrograd on Tuesday declared that the latter position had already been taken. Behind these places, and extending to Krakau, which has been prepared for resistance, is a strong line of fortifications. The Russians, therefore, have a heavy task in front of them before they can take the road to Berlin by way of Breslau. Much, of course, depends upon the condition and morale of the Austrian armies, but the fact that these were able to extricate themselves from the extremely perilous position in which they were after the defeats at Lemberg and Tomaszow, would seem to indicate that they have rallied, and in a strong position resting on Przemysl should be able to offer a stubborn resistance. The Russians, however, undoubtedly outnumber them, and presumably have sufficient forces to be able with safety to leave Przemysl, with its garrison of 60,000, invested in their rear. In this connection, it should be noted that the Servian army, probably consisting of some 200,000 men, which is now said to be threatening Sarajevo, is performing a service of extreme value to its Russian allies. For the operations in Bosnia, which is a Slav and presumably hostile country, it is probable that not less than half a million Austrian troops are detained.

The British official war bureau announced on Tuesday that the armored cruisers Aboukir, Hogue, and Cressy had been sunk by submarines in the North Sea. Apparently not more than 700 men out of the 2,200 composing the crews were saved.

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Foreign Correspondence

THE WAR IN RELATION TO THE CHURCHES AND THE SCHOOLS—UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE BOYCOTT OF GERMAN MANUFACTURES.

LONDON, September 10.

One day last week the Earl of Jersey, as High Steward of Banbury, was to have unveiled the "completed" Banbury Cross. The ceremony was abandoned "in consequence of the war." But why should the war, with all its dislocation of government and trade, have prevented a simple celebration of this kind? The explanation presumably may be found in the fact that the present Banbury Cross was erected in 1859 to commemorate the marriage in the previous year of the Princess Royal with the Crown Prince of Germany—the marriage, that is to say, of the parents of the present Kaiser! No wonder the Earl of Jersey decided to evade the problem of speech-making on such an occasion.

There has been no other so piquant instance of the upsetting of prospective arrangements. But programmes of all kinds of meetings have been revised or cancelled. The Church Congress, due for October, has been called off, as have been the autumnal sessions of the Congregational and Baptist Unions respectively and the quinquennial Assembly of the various Methodist Churches. The decision to cancel these meetings was reached early last month, when it was believed that the Government's use of the railways would prevent the transportation of delegates. The regular passenger service has now been so far resumed that there would be no difficulty on that score. But the decision is still recognized as necessary, for the two reasons that many members are too busy at home, with relief committee work, etc., to be able to attend, and that in similar circumstances adequate local hospitality could not possibly be procured.

By their zealous approval of England's intervention, the religious papers have kindled a fire that is blazing more fiercely than they intended. Some of the younger clergy have caught the flame, and are asking why, if this is a holy war, they should not themselves enlist. This martial ardor seems to burn most fervently in Scotland, where it is seriously proposed that a number of ministers not over forty years of age should form a battalion. In England, similar sentiments have found expression in a correspondence in the *Guardian*, where a country rector suggests that, if a clergyman takes up arms and is killed on the field, he is only obeying the words of his Master: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, is not convinced by such arguments. He declares plainly that, in his judgment, "the position of an actual combatant in our army is incompatible with the position of one who has sought and received Holy Orders." The clergy, he says, have a calling of a quite specific kind, and "those who have been ordained to the ministry of Word and Sacrament ought, even in time of actual warfare, to regard that ministry, whether at home or in the field, as their special contribution to the country's service."

Many well-known ministers will be serving at the front as chaplains, probably including the Bishop of London, who is chaplain of the Rifle Brigade. The acceptance of a chaplaincy in time of peace carries with it the duty of serving in the same capacity in time of war under penalty of being court-martialled, no matter how strong the claims of a man's home parish may be.

A great many school buildings in various parts of the country have been commandeered as barracks and military hospitals, with no little consequent disturbance of the educational routine. Besides this, no less than 1,000 able-bodied teachers in the public elementary schools have gone to the front or joined battalions for home defence. This is in addition to the large number of masters in secondary schools who are now on active service. In these conditions the Board of Education will be compelled to relax the rigidity of its regulations.

It is proposed that in some instances two schools shall use the same building, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon, and that the school staffs shall be pooled. In any case, the orthodox time-table will have to be made more elastic. In his patriotic ardor, the head-master of the venerable foundation of Merchant Taylors School is suggesting some quite novel modifications of the curriculum. One would like to know what J. R. Green, with his dislike of "drum and trumpet history," would have said of the proposal that senior boys should be taught elementary tactics and strategy, and junior boys naval and military history. According to the same scheme, some of the time out of school is to be allotted to ambulance work, drill, shooting, scoutcraft, trench-making, and the like. If the war only continues long enough, we may expect by and by to see the most advanced pedagogical theory of twentieth-century England approximating to the unique standard of ancient Sparta.

The arrival of fresh supplies of paper-making material from Scandinavia has enabled some of the daily papers to give their readers a page or two more than the scanty allowance to which they have been reduced by the war. Advertisements, too, are slowly picking up. But one hears of several weeklies and monthlies whose publication is "suspended," as the euphemism goes. A really hard case is that of the *Liberal Monthly*, which, after eight years' steady labor, has acquired a regular circulation of 250,000. But its entire *raison d'être* is Liberal party propaganda. As all party conflict is now stilled, the Liberal Publication Department had no option but to suspend the issue of this monthly for the time. Whether it will collect all its quarter of a million readers again when it resumes, may be doubted. The *Liberal Magazine*—which, although a party publication, is mainly useful as a record of current events, for present and future reference—is still to be published.

Cool reflection is modifying some of the enthusiasm with which the "trade war" with Germany was started. The original proposal for an immediate boycott of all articles of German manufacture produced an indignant outcry from British wholesale and retail traders, who had already bought German goods to the value of millions of pounds, and were faced with the prospect of having these wares left on their hands. The attack on "the pipeline of British gold to Germany" has also met an unexpected obstacle, the discovery of which would be of special interest to Norman Angell. For several days the papers were giving particulars of manufacturing concerns in England whose shares were largely owned by German capitalists. These, too, should be boycotted, for if you bought any of their products you were putting money into the pockets of the enemy.

Presently it occurred to some one that the success of this campaign would increase the evil of unemployment at home, against which it is especially necessary to guard. One petroleum company, mainly owned in Germa employs in its British works 3,000 persons. A German tube company similarly employs 1,750, and a German electric lamp compar 1,500. These conditions are the direct result of recent legislation which compelled German owners of patents, in default of forfeiting their patent rights, to manufacture the patented article in this country. This law was passed for the express purpose of enabling British workers to derive employment from British purchases of the article in question.

H. W. H.

THE INTERVENTION OF JAPAN—HER GRIEVANCES AGAINST GERMANY—NO RETENTION OF TSING-TAU.

TOKIO, August 28.

No sooner had the international rupture occurred in Europe than Japan began to contemplate the possibility of being asked to take a hand, should Great Britain be involved. That Japan was bound by the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to participate, if required, there was no manner of doubt in the public mind, but whether to await the request was the question.

There were, and are, many Japanese who long to "get even" with Germany, but there was much speculation as to waiting for an invitation to initiate operations in that direction. Suspense was more or less relieved when a note came from the British Government on August 4 asking what Japan could do in the way of safeguarding British shipping in the Far East. An Imperial council was called and the reply at once went back to London that Japan could not guarantee the safety of British shipping so long as the presence of Germany at Tsing-tau existed to menace it.

Japan would undertake the responsibility only on condition that she be allowed to remove the German occupation of that part of China. In this suggestion the British authorities acquiesced, on condition that the place be subsequently returned to China and the integrity of that republic be in no way threatened. I may add that all here set down I have received from the highest Japanese authority.

On receipt of consent to the condition from Great Britain, Japan sent her ultimatum to Germany, demanding the evacuation of Tsing-tau, the disarming of the warships there, and the handing over of the territory to Japan for ultimate reversion to China. As communications with Europe were very uncertain, Japan gave seven days for an answer. From the first it was very widely believed that Germany would treat the ultimatum with silent contempt, which she did.

The time limit for a reply was set at twelve o'clock of August 24. The moments preceding the firing of the noon gun in Tokio on that day were charged with the utmost anxiety. Newspaper men and others crowded the allotted waiting-rooms of the Foreign Office, waiting for the report of the gun and the

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news from the Foreign Minister as to whether Germany had sent a reply.

As the sound of the gun reverberated over the city a messenger immediately appeared and handed to the journalists a piece of paper with this inscription: "No reply!" At once thousands of newsboys and men, with their "extras" already printed, swarmed over the city streets. The Cabinet Council, then in session, continued until 2:30 P. M., when the German Ambassador was handed his passports and war was declared.

No news of naval or military movements is permitted to be published at present; but it is supposed that as soon as the declaration of war was issued, if not before, the Japanese fleet was in readiness for necessary activity off Tsing-tau. Whether there is to be the landing of an army at once seems uncertain, as there are reports of a joint action of troops representing Russian, British, and French from the land side.

Though the Germans at Tsing-tau have been making great preparations for a state of siege, it is not expected that the place can long hold out against an attack by Japan. There are said to be no more than 3,000 soldiers, including a small force of cavalry, at Tsing-tau, with three aeroplanes and a few guns. In the harbor there are four small gunboats and an Austrian cruiser, but most of the guns were removed from the boats to arm the big North German liners that have been equipped for destroying British shipping.

A peculiar aspect of the situation is that a large proportion of the fighting personnel at Tsing-tau consists of Germans who, until called away a few weeks ago, lived in Japan, where many of their families still are. The Japanese Government, however, has issued instructions that all German subjects within the Empire are to receive the same protection and courtesy as heretofore, and the newspapers are happily backing up the official advice with apparent sincerity.

There is no doubt that the war with Germany is immensely popular with all classes of the Japanese population; and for several reasons. Although there is a widespread feeling of gratitude among the Japanese for all that Germany has done for their country in the way of training in law, medicine, science, and war, there is yet a still more insistent conviction that most of Japan's troubles during the last few years have been the outcome of German influence in Europe and America.

It was the Kaiser who started the cry of the "yellow peril," and Germans have acted consistently with that slogan in most of their relations with Japan. The Japanese blame the Germans for a good deal of the anti-Japanese movement in the United States. They hold Germany in even greater resentment for her attitude to Japan in East Asia. On Germany is laid the responsibility for the Russo-Japanese war, which has brought so much suffering and loss to Japan.

The Japanese say that Germany was at the bottom of the scheme to force Japan's evacuation of Port Arthur after the war with China, France and Russia playing but a minor part. This is proved by the memoirs of the late Count Hayashi, of which, it will be remembered, the Imperial Government prohibited the publication, but which somehow got abroad. In those documents Count Hayashi states frankly that when the three Ministers came to him with the demand to evacuate Port Arthur, the French and Russian Ministers were content to make the request that the place be handed back to China, but that the German Minister acted quite differently, speaking in an objectionable manner, threatening Japan with war, and assuring her that she could never face Russia, France, and Germany combined. Herein was an insult the Japanese have never forgotten.

Not only so, but in addition to the expense and suffering of the Russo-Japanese war, which was the outcome of Germany's attitude at that time, the German mailed fist in Europe has compelled Japan to undergo endless expense in naval and military expansion. Indeed, it may safely be said, as I am assured by the best Japanese authority, that the nation holds Germany responsible for all the millions wasted on naval and military armaments in Europe, America, and Japan during the past ten years. This is certainly the belief of the Japanese Peace party; and it is affirmed that China's extravagant expenditure is also due to German influence.

After Germany succeeded in ousting Japan from Port Arthur, on the score of insuring the integrity of China, within three years she went in herself and took Tsing-tau, thus creating a deadly hatred of all white people among the Chinese and giving rise to the Boxer rebellion. That the Germans were the objectives in that uprising is seen, the Japanese say, in the fact that the first person they made a point of killing was Herr von Ketteler, the German Minister in Peking.

While these causes go far to make the war with Germany an affair in which all Japanese will assist with all their might, the Imperial Government is careful to insist that it has no desire to take revenge for Germany's ill-treatment, but is prosecuting the present war simply and solely in accordance with the conditions of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Japan's attempt to take Tsing-tau from Germany is regarded with much suspicion in certain quarters, a suspicion that Japan feels and resents keenly. A leading Japanese authority, who may be taken as speaking for his Government, assures me that Japan has not the least desire to retain Tsing-tau. The only reason, he says, for its retention would be as a naval or military base; but, while it is invaluable as such to Germany, it being her only base in East Asia, it has no such value to Japan, which has much better bases in Port Arthur and in Korea. Therefore, its retention by Japan would be a wholly unnecessary and tactless action.

It would be especially tactless at a time when China is cut off from loan sources in Europe and will have no money to pay her soldiers, making probable a revolt which would react unfavorably on Japan, involving as it would the interference of other nations and giving rise to fresh international complications, for which Japan has no desire.

As Japan, in her usual prompt way, has already fired the first shot of the war, and will follow up her plans with ceaseless assiduity, the forts at Tsing-tau cannot hold out long, and the end will soon be reached.

The bombardment of Kiao-chau was commenced on August 24. But the Germans have strewed the whole region with mines, using, it is said, as many as 10,000, and naval approach is very difficult. The Japanese are dragging the waters for mines, but the operation is regarded as extremely hazardous. Three squadrons are in operation, with two vice-admirals and two rear-admirals to each squadron.

DR. J. INGRAM BRYAN.

Emerson's Savings Bank

("This Book is my Savings Bank."
—"Emerson's Journals,"* III, 246.)

By BLISS PERRY.

THE DISPERSED MEDITATIONS OF A MAN OF THE RAREST POETIC AND PHILOSOPHIC TEMPER.

I.

The phrase used by Emerson to describe his life-long persistence in keeping a diary is characteristically modest. His mental habits, like his physical endowments, necessitated thrift; a rigid economy and investment of his resources. The college notebooks of the boy of seventeen, and the last jottings of the practiced rhetorician, whose memory for words had begun pathetically to lapse, are alike dominated by the impulse to conserve for future need. At the beginning of his academic training he sets down in his Journal a list of poetical phrases "for use." He composes paragraphs "in the manner of Chateaubriand," loving for a while, like Stevenson, to play the sedulous ape. He quotes resonant passages from Edward Everett; constructs boyish discourses on the Drama, on Reason, on Benevolence; endeavors to analyze himself and his associates; but all this is chiefly the elaborate exercise of an ambitious boy, a rhetorician by inheritance and training, who feels himself destined to sway his contemporaries through public speech.

As he grows older, and enters upon and then terminates his brief career as a minister, the character of the writing changes a little. There are fewer of the futile exercises in mere composition—like a golfer's preliminary swings at an imaginary ball. The experiences which he records are sometimes grimly real, though they are still set down "for use." As the years go by, there is an increasing tendency to record mere mood—in the manner of Amiel—but there is also a rich deposit of local and provincial fact: racy sayings of Concord folk, shrewd judgments upon contemporaries, accounts of walks with Hawthorne, Ellery Channing, and Thoreau, and of conversations with "Margaret" and Alcott. More significant still are the deliberately garnered thoughts of Emerson himself, gleaned from saunterings in the upland pastures or from the wind-blown eddies upon Walden Pond. They are the dispersed meditations of a man of the rarest poetic and philosophic temper, who was not always capable of complete functioning either as poet or philosopher. He knew this well enough, and it was one reason for the careful gathering of every possible material—wood heaped for a bonfire that might one day blaze.

The multitudinous manuscript volumes of the Journals were carefully indexed as to topics, by Emerson's own hand. It was a

*_Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson._ With annotations. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Ten vols. $1.75 net per volume.

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kind of perpetual balancing of his bank-books. From them he drew the substance of his public lectures, and these became in turn—somewhat stripped of anecdote and other platform adornments—the Essays as we know them. Sometimes, too, the first rough draft of a poem—like "Each and All," "The Two Rivers," "Days"—appears in the Journal, although such efforts were more commonly inscribed in a separate verse-book, to await elaboration. The manuscript volumes occasionally contain prosaic accounts of expenses, income from lecturing, charitable contributions, and miscellaneous almanac information which have not been reproduced by the editors. But they have had nothing to conceal, and the ten stout volumes which now complete their labors are essential to a full realization of Emerson's character. More completely than he could have imagined, his diaries have thus become his Bank. His patient thrift is justified.

II.

The quality of the writing, from first to last, is one of sustained excellence. Like Emerson's penmanship, it varied but little during his long career of authorship, and even when his sentences were intended for no eye but his own, he wrought them carefully and felicitously. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he composed habitually not for the eye but for the ear. The oral impulse was strong in this descendant of eloquent sires, the admiring auditor of Everett and Webster, the unwearied searcher and practitioner of the mysteries of the spoken word. Yet even in his college days, which fell in our brazen age of Oratory, there was singularly little buncombe in the young Emerson's style. He was captivated by the extravagant declamation of some of his Southern classmates, and forty years afterwards used to recite specimens of it for the amusement of his children, but his own ear remained unspoiled. Like his master, Montaigne, he was always talking on paper as to the first man he met, but it was the talk of an observer, a quester, a poet—not the orotund banalities of the "spellbinder." There is no doubt a certain oral diffuseness upon many pages of the Journals. Some of his spiritual experiences were overwritten. These Solitaries and Recluses, imprisoned in their temperament, as Emerson said of himself, will still be talking! But Emerson's Journal is less repetitious than Thoreau's, and it never grows really garrulous. The rhapsodical passages of Nature-description have that perfection of "tone" which Emerson thought more essential to poetry than the presence of fine lines, and the more introspective pages are often marked by a startling incisiveness and spiritual passion. The great words of the Phi Beta Kappa Oration and of the Divinity School Address vibrate in the Journal long before they thrilled the ear of the actual hearers. In the crises of his professional life no less than in these crucial public utterances the Journals prove that Emerson crossed his real bridges long before he came to the overt act of crossing. Hence the tranquillity with which he notes the acceptance of his resignation by the Second Church, and the "averted faces" at the Harvard commencement of 1838. The actual event presented itself to him as a twice-told tale: the precedent spiritual drama is written in the Journals. Familiarity with Emerson's published writings thus heightens one's sense of the freshness and reality of his private diary. The editors have done wisely to reprint here the first draft of many a well-known passage of the Essays, believing the unelaborated words to be no less golden, and perceiving that the cadences have "that other harmony" of unpremeditated talk.

Selections from the multifarious topics touched upon by an alert and brooding mind during a long lifetime must of necessity be arbitrary. Perhaps the student of Emerson is first arrested by the presence, in the earlier volumes of the Journals, of the word "sin." That word, and the aspect of evil which it denotes, can scarcely be discovered in the Essays. But the young Emerson finds—or has been trained to suspect—"a huge and disproportionate abundance of *evil* on earth" (I, 246). "Love has an empire in the world, but Fear has an empire also" (I, 295). In a long and fascinating passage of self-assessment (I, 367), he proposes to devote his nights and days "to the service of God and the War against Sin." The call to the Second Church came just as he had become aware of his love for Ellen Tucker: "This happiness awakens in me a certain awe: I know my imperfections: I know my ill-deserts; and the beauty of God makes me feel my own sinfulness the more. . . . Will God forgive me my sins, and aid me to deserve this gift of his mercy?" (II, 261).

A new stage in Emerson's development is marked by his ingenious endeavor to reconcile the acquired vocabulary of Transcendentalism—which proclaimed the supremacy of the "Reason" over the "Understanding"—with the traditional vocabulary of his forebears. "Jesus Christ was a minister of the pure Reason. The beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount are all utterances of the mind contemning the phenomenal world. . . . The Understanding can make nothing of it. 'Tis all nonsense. The Reason affirms its absolute verity. . . . St. Paul marks the distinction by the terms natural man and spiritual man. When Novalis says 'It is the instinct of the Understanding to counteract the Reason,' he only translates into a scientific formula the sentence of St. Paul, 'The carnal mind is enmity against God'" (III, 237).

When Emerson wrote that passage he had already abandoned the ministry, and within a year, in 1834, he was confiding to his diary: "If I were called upon to charge a young minister, I would say, 'Beware of Tradition'" (III, 420), and a few pages later: "The Teacher that I look for . . . will not occupy himself by laboriously reanimating a historical religion, but in bringing men to God by showing them that He is, not was, and speaks, not spoke" (III, 434). Four years afterward, those words became the dynamite of the Divinity School Address.

Traces of Emerson's revolt against historical Christianity are clear enough throughout the Journals. Sometimes they take the form of rebellion against "official goodness" and the restraints of the ancestral profession. Again, it is the moral constitution of man which seems to the prophet to be weakened by reliance upon dogma: "Christ's great Defeat is hitherto the highest fact we have, . . . but we demand Victory" (VI, 189). The final volume gives a whimsical and delightfully boyish turn to this life-long restlessness against compulsion: "The Bible wears black cloth. It comes with a certain official claim against which the mind revolts. The book has its own nobilities—might well be charming, if it was left simply on its merits, as the others; but this 'you must'—'it is your duty,' repels. 'Tis like the introduction of martial law into Concord. If you should dot our farms with picket lines, and I could not go or come across lots without a pass, I should resist, or else emigrate. If Concord were as beautiful as Paradise, it would be detestable at once" (X, 101).

Yet the note of loyalty to the representatives of the old order, like Mary Moody Emerson and Dr. Ripley, is eloquently sounded upon many a page, and the virtues of this disappearing type are seen to be rooted in their "unpainted churches, strict platforms, and sad offices." This recalcitrant son of the Puritans remained a Puritan in every fibre of the body and of the memory; it was only his questing mind which went voyaging towards new worlds. As with Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell, accomplished antiquarians all, his passionate attachment to the older New England survived every change of creed and of philosophy.

III.

This fidelity to the spirit of the soil gives the Journals their extraordinary interest as a local document. Judge Sewall's Diary is equally veracious in reporting certain aspects of the New England temperament, but Emerson's capacity for detachment, as well as his experiences in European and Western travel, give his pictures of the everyday life a perspective such as Sewall could not compass. The "cold gentleness" of New England women in church; "the iron-grey deacon and the wearisome prayer rich with the diction of ages"; what perfect phrases are these! With what delight, too, did this fastidious scholar record the savory sayings of his unlettered neighbors! There are relatively few entries dealing with the more intimate life of his own household, although the editors have preserved the poignant sentences written after the deaths of his brothers Edward and Charles and of his son Waldo. But of objective depiction of the villagers of Concord there is no lack, and the humor and tartness of the portrai-

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ture will surprise many readers who know Emerson only through his poems and essays. Thoreau's Journal, it is true, gives us more meticulous fact about Concord; more exact measurements of acreage and weather, more fauna and flora; but even Thoreau does not surpass Emerson in conveying the very aspect of the hour and the place. Thoreau himself, and Alcott and Ellery Channing, are sketched in many moods and attitudes. Alcott is by turns an Olympian, a "tedious archangel," a "pail without bottom," until we reach the climax in Emerson's plaintive "I do not want any more such persons to exist." Such is the Journal's tardy revenge upon one of the notable devastators of the day.

National figures, likewise, cross from time to time the decorous local stage. Edward Everett and Daniel Webster, Garrison, John Brown, and Lincoln are viewed with eyes only less "portrait-eating, portrait-painting" than Carlyle's. During each of his three visits to Europe, Emerson had met on intimate footing some of the most distinguished personages of his day. He knew a man when he saw him, and he employed inflexible standards of moral measurement. The whole story of Webster's dominance in New England, and of his tragic alienation from his constituents after 1850, may be gathered from the successive descriptions of him in the Journals. At first we read of his "awful charms," for Emerson had heard him deliver the famous eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson. After the reply to Hayne, Webster becomes to Emerson a synonym of "the beauty and dignity of principles." The first word of dispraise is in 1835, when Webster seems to be concealing his opinion of slavery. In 1841: "I saw Webster on the street; but he was changed since I saw him last—black as a thunder-cloud, and careworn. . . . The canker-worms have crawled to the topmost bough of the wild elm, and swing down from that." Early in 1843 Emerson is still capable of exact, passionless description of the colossus; but later in that year he notes: "Daniel Webster is a great man with a small ambition"—the verdict which Hawthorne had already uttered in "The Great Stone Face." After the speech of March 7, 1850, Webster seemed to Emerson a mere traitor to Liberty: "Every drop of his blood has eyes that look downward." As for the Fugitive Slave Law, enacted through Webster's influence, Emerson enters this oath in his Journal (VIII, 236): "I will not obey it, by God." Looking across the hazy water from Plymouth to Marshfield on the day of Webster's death in 1852, he mourns the passing of the "completest man" since Napoleon, yet this did not alter the terms of his terrific indictment of the dead statesman in his New York speech of 1854.

In fact, the eighth and ninth volumes of the Journals, covering the critical national period of 1849 to 1863, reveal an Emerson startled out of his preoccupation with his own thoughts and alive to every issue of citizenship. He was indeed the perfect villager in his natural response to every claim of wont and neighborhood, but in the dark days he learned to feel nationally when other men were still arguing in the terms of their own section. To read his Journals now, when his views have been tested by the event, is to perceive the clearness and soundness of his tone upon the great public questions. His frequent lecturing trips to the Mississippi and beyond, journeys whose discomforts and humors were duly set down in his diary, helped him, no doubt, to think continentally.

It is impossible here to make more than an allusion to one of the most delightful aspects of the Journals, namely, their judgments upon books and authors. They reinforce the impression conveyed by the Essays as to the range and inconsecutiveness of Emerson's reading. That he should ever have held himself faithfully to the task of reading Goethe straight through in the original German is an amazing proof of his respect for Carlyle's opinion. He knew the "complete works" of few writers except Montaigne, Shakespeare, and Plutarch. He preferred, as everybody has surmised and as the Journals now demonstrate, to saunter and angle in one author after another, and to say his own say about fragments: confessing good luck with Rabelais to-day and poor luck to-morrow, as a fisherman does with his favorite stream. Emerson's judgments of literary art—as of all the arts of expression except oratory—were often fallible enough. "The poor Pickwick stuff" was not for him; neither was Jane Austen nor Hawthorne. Shelley "is never a poet." Yet he catches the odor of Alfred Tennyson's "musky verses" by 1838; and he was early and always faithful to Wordsworth, though he shared Jeffrey's astounding incomprehension of the finest lines in the "Ode to Duty." More significant, however, than the oddness or the justice of any single verdict of this inveterate skimmer of books is the perfect candor and sense of security with which he deposits his opinion in the Bank.

IV.

Many readers of the Journals, no doubt, will not concern themselves primarily with the phases of Emerson's development, with his judgments upon men and books and public events, or with his daguerreotypes of the daily life of Concord. They will seek, rather, an escape from the daily life—whether it be Emerson's or their own—into those regions of ecstasy of which the Poems and the Essays long ago gave glimpses. Such readers will not be disappointed. All the old magic is here. The day-long reverie in a sunny hollow of the woods at Mt. Auburn (III, 270), when the man of thirty-one, then without a profession, "heeded no more what minute or hour our Massachusetts clocks might indicate" and "saw only the noble earth on which I was born," is scarcely to be matched save in a few passages of Sénancour and Amiel and in a few lines of Andrew Marvell. The morning meditation in the newly furnished house in Concord (IV, 335) is the Emersonian reply to one of the ultimate questions: "I said when I awoke, After some more sleepings and wakings I shall lie on this mattress sick; then, dead; and through my gay entry they will carry these bones. Where shall I be then? I lifted my head and beheld the spotless orange light of the morning beaming up from the dark hills into the wide universe." The mysteries of the night are in this invocation to the Earth Spirit (VI, 347): "Earth Spirit, living, a black river like that swarthy stream which rushes through the human body is thy nature, demoniacal, warm, fruitful, sad, nocturnal." Yet the day-time magic is the more characteristic of the man: "The sky is the daily bread of the eyes. . . . No crowding: boundless, cheerful, and strong." "The sum of life ought to be valuable when the fractions and particles are so sweet." Or, finally, take this enchanting affirmation, written, apparently, after reading Balzac's story (VI, 273): "*Le Peau d'Ane.* You *can* two things at a time; and when you have got your pockets full of chestnuts, and say I have lost my half-hour, behold you have got something besides, for the tops of the Silver Mountains of the White Island loomed up whilst you stood under the tree, and glittered for an instant; therefore there is no *peau de chagrin.*"

V.

For those who do not care for these enchantments of Merlin, but who welcome fresh material for the valuation of an historical and literary personage, it remains to be said that the Journals offer a new basis for the critical assessment of our most distinguished man of letters. The requisite biographical, physiological, and psychological data are here. The temperamental inconsistencies, so often hinted at in the Essays, are set down in plain figures in this bank account. Its analysis of the author's body and mind and environment proceeds steadily from youth to age. Emerson makes open confession of the impossibility of his achieving a philosophical reconciliation of the oppositions which he perceives. The Journals, like the Essays, are full of paradoxes, but they furnish more keys of fact wherewith to unlock their parables. The volumes will prove to be the natural corrective of partial and distorted views of Emerson. The main outlines of his towering personality are, it is true, unaffected by the revelations of his private diary. He remains the austere, benignant figure so familiar to his countrymen: a radiant, serene vision against the morning or the evening sky. Some of the angles are curiously sharpened, as one looks at him through the Journals, but the figure as a whole is softened; it becomes richer and more human; the granite and the cloud are suffused with life. The next generation of readers will utilize the Journals for a new criticism of Emerson.

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Books and Men

ABOUT OSCAR WILDE.

Stuart Mason is the compiler of a "Bibliography of Oscar Wilde" (London: T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.). It would almost be correct to say that Mr. Mason is the author of the book, for a bibliography so inclusive, so well illustrated with quotations, facsimiles, and pictures, has in it something of the nature of creative work. How accurate it is as a bibliography could only be determined after long study (the book has over six hundred pages) by some one who was at once an expert in the dreary science of bibliography and an authority on Wilde's writings—on what are sometimes sappily called "Oscariana."

Mr. Robert Ross, who furnishes the introduction, refers to "this astonishing and ingenious compilation"—language not too strong—and says that while he cannot pretend to have read the book through, he has turned over the proofs for ten minutes and thereby learned more about Wilde's writings than Wilde himself ever knew.

"To those versed in the science of bibliography," writes Mr. Ross, "Mr. Stuart Mason's labors require no praise or commendation from me. But I want to assure those, such as myself, who are entirely ignorant of enthusiasm for fourteenth editions or of the æsthetic excitement over a misprint of twenty years ago, that there is an enormous amount of diverting reading under these heavy-looking headings, and that Mr. Stuart Mason's book is not nearly so dull as it looks."

This is true enough, though it was unnecessary to say that the book looks dull. After the reader has once proceeded beyond the word "bibliography" on the cover, the pages vary in interest. At their worst they usually contain something readable; at their best they are highly entertaining. The caricatures, facsimiles, letters, verses, and parodies are genuine additions to the volume. The arrangement seems to me to be a mistake. It is, first, periodical publications in alphabetical order; secondly, works issued in book form, chronologically by the first editions; thirdly, biographies, studies, criticisms, etc. A straight chronological arrangement of all Wilde's own writings, followed by the books and articles about him, would have been easier to consult and more interesting. But here I am venturing too much into technical criticism.

In a discussion of it as a literary work, it may be noted that the general idea of the book is admirable, and that it furnishes a model for bibliographies of authors. For the use of a collector, and for mere purposes of reference to verify dates, and the like, the plain catalogue or check-list is enough. In bibliographies of such wildly delightful subjects as sanitary engineering and municipal ownership of gas plants (and a shoal of such things are printed every year), brevity would seem to be a virtue. Professional bookmen of all kinds, librarians, writers on technical subjects, and others, have been a little mad on the subject of bibliography. The word has a mouth-filling and learned sound, the compilation of a bibliography calls for a deal of meticulous puttering—as much in the useless as in the useful work—and the thing appeals immensely to the owlish. To make the bibliography of an author a pleasing and human book is not original with Mr. Mason, of course, but he has done it well and, it is to be hoped, has helped to set the style. The "enthusiasm for fourteenth editions" and the record of twenty-year-old misprints are both here, for those who can get up "æsthetic excitement" over them. So, also, are many more vital matters.

To turn from this particular book and to consider the fast flowing stream of books about Oscar Wilde is enough to arouse a wonder how long it will be before the fad dies out. How long will it be before the extravagant homage ceases, and Wilde takes the place—the minor place—in literature, to which a few of his writings entitle him? The excess of condemnation, the wholesale taboo, not only upon the name of the man, but upon all his writings, even the most innocent (like "The Happy Prince"), which followed his imprisonment, may have been absurd, but it was no more absurd than the present attempt of his worshippers to exalt him to the skies.

On one occasion, in his verse, Oscar Wilde forgot himself for a few hours, and wrote in apparent sincerity. That was when he composed "Ave Imperatrix"—a poem of especial significance to-day, with its noble opening stanzas:

Set in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of Tide,
England! what shall men say of thee
Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
Like shadows in a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
The long white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
The torches of the lords of Night.

Such stanzas, and the sonorous one a little further on—

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar—

make one regret that a man who possessed such power should have chosen to dabble with things like the wordy and conscious "Sphinx," and still other verses of the "faint lilies" variety. Yet the "Sphinx" is printed and reprinted, Wilde's devotees acclaim it, and it is, apparently, known to hundreds who never read "Ave Imperatrix!"

In speaking of Oscar Wilde's poetry it is unfair to deny that one of his conscious efforts is also, in certain places, grim and great. This, of course, is the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," an extraordinary *tour de force*, somewhat marred by its unnecessary length.

As he composed one or two fine poems, so he wrote one amusing short story, "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime," and one brilliant play, "The Importance of Being Earnest." The European furore about "Salomé" leaves me, unluckily perhaps, unimpressed. But "The Importance of Being Earnest," with its rapid fire of epigram and paradox, too rapid for any audience wholly to grasp, is a delicious thing—the one nonsense play for grown-ups in the history of the English drama. It is an "Alice in Wonderland" amongst plays.

There are two pieces of modern prose, curiously alike as to rhythm, and written by two men as dissimilar as any that ever lived. The first is this:

Art finds her own perfection within, and not outside of, herself. She is not to be judged by any external standard of resemblance. She is a veil, rather than a mirror. She has flowers that no forests know of, birds that no woodland possesses. She makes and unmakes many worlds, and can draw the moon from heaven with a scarlet thread. Hers are the "forms more real than living man," and hers the great archetypes of which things that have existence are but unfinished copies. . . . She can work miracles at her will, and when she calls monsters from the deep they come. She can bid the almond tree blossom in winter and send the snow upon the ripe cornfield. At her word the frost lays its silver finger on the burning mouth of June, and the winged lions creep out from the hollows of the Lydian hills. The dryads peer from the thickets as she passes by, and the brown fauns smile strangely at her when she comes near them. She has hawk-faced gods that worship her, and the centaurs gallop at her side.

The other is this:

The true historian will bring the past before our eyes as if it were the present. He will make us see as living men the hard-faced archers of Agincourt, and the war-worn spearmen who followed Alexander down beyond the rim of the known world. We shall hear grate on the coast of Britain the keels of the Low-Dutch sea-thieves whose children's children were to inherit unknown continents. . . . Beyond the dim centuries we shall see the banners float above armed hosts. . . . Dead poets shall sing to us of the deeds of men of might and the love and the beauty of women. We shall see the dancing girls of Memphis. The scent of the flowers in the hanging gardens of Babylon will be heavy to our senses. We shall sit at feast with the kings of Nineveh when they drink from ivory and gold. . . . For us the war-horns of King Olaf shall wail across the flood, and the harps sound high at festivals in forgotten halls. The frowning strongholds of the barons of old shall rise before us, and the white palace-castles from whose windows Syrian princes once looked across the blue Ægean. . . . We shall see the terrible horsemen of Timur the Lame ride over the roofs of the world; we shall hear the drums beat as the armies of Gustavus and Frederick and Napoleon drive forward to victory.

The first is from "The Decay of Lying" by Oscar Wilde; the second from "History as Literature" by Theodore Roosevelt.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

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News for Bibliophiles

THE LEIPZIG BOOK EXHIBITION.

The United States is practically the only civilized nation still not officially represented at the great International Book Exhibition at Leipzig, which, though formally opened on May 6, was not really ready until quite recently. The English Government took action rather late, but has erected a handsome national building in the Tudor style; and there may be seen interesting exhibits of the university presses, chief English publishers and bookbinders, a strictly English collection of Shakespeare, many fine illustrated books, including a copy printed on vellum of the famous Kelmscott Press Chaucer, and a small exhibit to show the historical development of English printing. But the English libraries and bibliophile societies are not represented at all in this building, which thus gives the general setting for the English part of the Group Bibliophily.

By far the most interesting building in the whole exhibition is the large concrete Halle der Kultur, showing the progress of civilization, Eastern as well as Western, from the earliest crude scratchings on the walls of prehistoric caves to the latest productions in the most modern style. The number of admirably arranged groups and exhibits in this building is indeed legion, and they include ancient illuminated manuscripts, silhouettes, prints, caricatures, periodicals, etc.—much besides mere books. Here, too, is an interesting exhibit of Byron—manuscripts of "Childe Harold" and the "Waltz," and many editions of "Childe Harold," all lent by Mr. John Murray, the grandson of Byron's publisher, supplemented by a large number of early editions and translations (from my own collection). Among these is also a copy of the extremely rare facsimile made for Goethe just before he reluctantly returned the original manuscript of the dedication to him of Byron's "Sardanapalus." One small room of this building is devoted to fine specimens of modern books, and here America is represented by the famous Riverside Press folio Montaigne, the Merrymount Press Ordinary and Canon of the Mass, and the Pierpont Morgan Catalogue of Paintings, three volumes, handsomely bound in green morocco. This Morgan Catalogue was, however, printed in London at the Chiswick Press. The others, lent also by Mr. Morgan, are shown in the Group Bibliophily, where the German Emperor exhibits his copy of the Catalogue.

The very large building of the Publishers, Printers, and Bookbinders contains also the library exhibits, which are more interesting than extensive. Chief among these in space occupied, and no doubt also in general interest, is the excellent collective exhibit of the American Library Association, got together by a committee, under Dr. Hill, of the Brooklyn Public Library, and placed in position by Dr. Koch, the well-known Dante scholar and librarian of the University of Michigan. The exhibit certainly gives a strikingly clear idea of the outward form and general organization and management of our chief public libraries and library systems, including even the travelling libraries on wagons; and it contains also a number of library publications, notably those of the Library of Congress; but, unfortunately, those two great landmarks of bibliography in America, the famous Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, United States Army, and the Index Medicus, are both very conspicuous by their absence.

Thus the only general American exhibit in the whole exposition is that in the Group Bibliophily, situated in the centre of the large building just mentioned. The group fills the following four rooms:

(1.) Private library of the German Emperor, including interesting exhibits of the libraries of Kings Friedrich Wilhelm II and IV and Queen Louise.

(2.) Musical collection of W. Wolffheim and P. Hirsch, unusually complete, especially in its early literature.

(3.) Library of Frau Ida Schoeller, mostly early German illustrated books, shown in appropriate old bookcases in a tasteful room (later to be incorporated in her house in Düren).

(4.) General exhibit in a room fitted up as a sort of ideal library for a private bibliophile.

(5.) A passage-way, containing mainly the valuable catalogues of important private collections and also the publications of bibliophile societies.

The American and English books are shown of course in these last two sections (4 and 5), in four special cases.

It is, of course, impossible to mention each book in both collections, but a sufficient number of concrete examples may serve to give some idea of the whole:

ENGLAND.

The place of honor in the chief English bookcase is occupied by the "Trinity College Apocalypse," worthily representing the Roxburghe Club, the oldest and most select of all book-clubs, ever since it was founded as a result of the enthusiasm aroused by the record-price brought by the first edition of the Decameron at the Duke of Roxburghe auction in 1812. The handsome folio Apocalypse is flanked on one side by the auction-catalogue, with a photograph of this very Decameron (now in the John Rylands Library, Manchester), and on the other by the first edition of Dibdin's inevitable "Bibliomania," 1809, accompanied by the catalogue of the 1817 sale of that ecstatic dilettante's own library. Baskerville's Catullus, Bodoni's "Castle of Otranto" (printed for Edwards of London), are shown next, and are followed by "Lady Willoughby's Diary," 1844, with which Whittingham's Chiswick Press reintroduced Old English type. The Doves Press Faust, famous in Germany, comes next; and then a copy of Scott's translation of Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen," 1799, with the very rare original title-page reading "*William* Scott"—which thus explains the reference by William Taylor, of Norwich, that seemed to Scott himself inexplicable, and hence aroused his ire. Here are also a unique (?) perfect copy of the anonymous "Tales of Terror," London, 1801, with all three of the blood-curdling colored illustrations; an undescribed little brochure, "History of Dr. Faustus" (prose narrative, Leicester, without date—end of eighteenth century?); Ouvry's private reprint (1867, twenty-five copies) of the earliest English "Eulenspiegel," of which no perfect copy is known; Fletcher's "English Book Collectors" (on Japanese vellum). Several characteristic English bindings are shown, including specimens by Roger Payne, Bedford, H. Faulkner, and Riviere; and then (from my collection) a couple of French bindings, *e. g.*, one for Girardot de Préfond, with his bookplate, and one by Thompson, of Paris.

In addition to the Roxburghe Club (seven volumes, lent by Mr. John Murray), the Bannatyne Club (catalogue of Scott's library at Abbotsford, 1838); Philobiblon Society (Unpublished Letters from Coleridge to Estlin, 1884, fifty copies); Sette of Odd Volumes (Parker, "How to Write a Play," 1813); Bibliographical Society of Lancashire (reprints of Caxton's undated Comm. Lament. s. Compass. Beate Marie, and DeMorgan's "Essay of the Description of Books"—since reprinted less accurately!), and the Bibliographical Society, all represent England. Mr. T. J. Wise, that insatiable bibliographical bibliophile, who has alone done more valuable work than many a society, exhibits his recent Bibliography of George Borrow. And then there are really valuable catalogues of important private collections, *e. g.*, Grenville (1842, Vol. I, privately printed); Huth Bequest (fifty treasures selected after his death—both these now in the British Museum); Earl of Crawford (four thick folios); C. Fairfax Murray (Breydenbach, early German and French books, mostly illustrated), and H. Y. Thompson's Illustrations from his sixteen Early English Manuscripts.

As stated above, these English books are intended to supplement, but not to repeat, what is shown in the English National Building.

AMERICA.

Similarly, the American place of honor is given to the Grolier Club's standard corpus of Whistler's Etchings; flanked by Mansfield's Catalogue of Whistler's Etchings and Dry-Points (Caxton Club, Chicago), and two Whistler volumes printed at the Merrymount Press, Boston. The centre of the case is worthily occupied by a fine copy of Benjamin Franklin's masterpiece as printer, the famous "Cato Major on Old Age," Philadelphia, 1744 (mine—recently acquired for $2!!). It is surrounded by other Franklin books, including one of the *six* large-paper copies of Renouard's beautiful edition (1795-96) of his "Way to Wealth," etc., in English and French, which is notable as containing reprints of now lost editions of Franklin's Bagatelles, printed at his private press in Passy. The first edition of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" (1855) illustrates the get-up of many American classics, but is somewhat inferior in this respect to Jones's "Historical Sketch of Tomo-Chi-Chi" (Albany, 1868), which stands next. This handsome bookcase contains also the Grolier Club's editions of Milton's "Areopagitica" and Carlyle's "Two Note Books," and the translation-volume of its standard edition of Richard de Bury's "Philobiblon" (the text and commentary volumes are in the Club's main exhibit), accompanied by Dowden's copy of the first English version, 1832 (by J. B. Inglis). Two famous German books (from my collection) are also shown here: The "Nürnberger Trichter" ("Poetischer Trichter," Nürnberg, 1647-48, by Harsdörfer), and the first German translation of Dedekind's Grobianus, 1551.

A large case (in the passageway adjoining part of the German Emperor's library) contains a large number of interesting books, including a set of the famous Pierpont Morgan catalogues (one on vellum!), all the chief publications of the Grolier Club (thirty volumes, including the valuable bibliographies), the best publications of the Caxton Club, and

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Philobiblon Club (Philadelphia); Odd Volumes (Boston—Nichols on Isaiah Thomas, 1912, loaned by Mr. D. B. Updike), and the sole book of the short-lived New York "Odd Sticks" (reprint of Dibdin's Bibliomania, 1864), as well as most of the important publications of the extinct Historical Printing Club of Brooklyn (fifty-four numbers, loaned by the New York Public Library, which now sells the remainders!), and a set of the Bibliographical Society of America and its predecessor, the Bibliographical Society of Chicago. American private collections are represented by a few really valuable catalogues, *e. g.*, Church-Huntington Library (very rarest Americana and Engl. Lit., elaborately described by G. W. Cole), Hoe manuscripts (both lent by Mr. Seymour de Ricci, Paris), Gen. Hawkins's collection at Providence (first books from earliest presses, described by A. W. Pollard), Henry Walters (mainly Italian incunabula), G. A. Plimpton (early arithmetic), and W. A. White, list of his Early English literature, mainly Elizabethan.

In closing these notes, I may call attention to the fact that almost all of the above books are of real value to scholars and bibliographers, apart from their mere appearance. All in all, these exhibits are probably as nearly adequate and satisfactory as could be expected under the circumstances.

LEONARD L. MACKALL,

Hon. Secretary for America and England of the Group Bibliophily of the Leipzig International Book Exhibition.

Jena, Germany, August 1.

Correspondence

GERMAN SCHOLARS AND "TRUTH ABOUT GERMANY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Americans leaving Germany during the second fortnight of August received as a farewell gift a substantial pamphlet entitled "Truth about Germany: Facts about the War." This publication seems worth bringing to the notice of other Americans, especially of American scholars, not because of its actual contents, but because of the relation between its contents and the profession and character of several of the persons with whose endorsement it was issued. The pamphlet was prepared by a board of editors which included Dr. Drechsler, director of the *Amerika-Institut;* Count Reventlow, Professor Dr. Francke, several professional authors, members of the Reichstag, and others; and it was issued with the sanction of an "honorary committee" comprising, besides many figures of the highest distinction in German public life and in finance, such eminent scholars as Harnack, Kühnemann, Lamprecht, von Schmoller, Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, and Wilhelm Wundt. The document was manifestly designed, not for historians or publicists, but for the enlightenment of the many educated Americans who had hitherto known little of European politics and diplomacy; and the impressive list of great *savants* attached to the pamphlet was evidently intended to give weight to the opinions expressed and to inspire confidence in its statements of fact. Of what sort, then, were the statements of fact, to gain credence for which these scholars lent their names and their scientific credit? I give a few out of many examples; italics are mine:

I. On the responsibility for the murder at Serajevo:

This assassination is the real cause of the present European war. Austria-Hungary *was able to prove* to a shuddering world a few days after the murder that it had been prepared and planned systematically, yea, *that the Servian Government had been responsible for the plan* [p. 16].

II. On the contents of the Austrian note to Servia and the nature of the Servian reply:

Austria-Hungary addressed to the Servian Government a number of demands which aimed at nothing but the suppression of the anti-Austrian propaganda. Servia was on the point of accepting the demand, when there arrived a dispatch from St. Petersburg, and Servia mobilized. Then Austria had to act. Thus arose the Austro-Servian war [p. 16].

III. On the violation of the neutrality of Belgium:

Great Britain *asked that Germany should allow French and Belgian troops to form on Belgian territory for a march against our frontier* [p. 19]. . . . *England and France were resolved not to respect the neutrality of Belgium.* . . . [They] did not give up their plan of attacking Germany through Belgium [p. 44].

IV. On the attitude of the British Government during the crisis preceding the war:

England aims at being mistress of the Old World in order to occupy either an equal, or a menacing, position towards the New World. *For this purpose she has encouraged this war.*

Every American recipient of the pamphlet who subsequently took the trouble to examine the entire published evidence in the case must have speedily discovered the statements of specific historical fact in the passages cited to be either direct falsehoods or *suggestiones falsi;* to readers of the *Nation* it can hardly be necessary to give the proof of this. But it should be added that the publication in question is marked by a yet more singular *suppressio veri;* it contains no hint of what are perhaps the two most decisive of the "facts about the war." These, since they seem to have been less emphasized in America than they deserve to be, should perhaps be indicated specifically.

It is a fact undisclosed in the pamphlet that on July 30, and again in a modified form on July 31, the Russian Government communicated to the German Government an undertaking to "stop all military preparations" (or "to maintain a waiting attitude") if Austria would consent to "stay the march of her troops on Servian territory and, recognizing that the Austro-Servian conflict has assumed the character of a question of general European interest, to admit that the Great Powers may examine the satisfaction which Servia can accord to the Austro-Hungarian Government without injury to her rights as a sovereign state and to her independence."

It is a fact equally undisclosed in this repository of information about the causes of the war, that on the morning of July 31 Sir Edward Grey declared to the German Ambassador in London that "if Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace, and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it," he would "support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go the length of saying that if Russia and France would not accept it his Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences." The most illuminating "truth about Germany" is that, on the same day, with these two pledges before it, the Government at Berlin sent to Russia and to France *ultimata* which were certain, and therefore were manifestly designed, to render war within twenty-four hours inevitable.

Thus is contemporary history written in Germany for Americans, under the patronage of eminent German historians, economists, philosophers, and philologists. Put forth by irresponsible journalists, or even by a Government press bureau, such a publication would not be surprising. Put forth in the name of a committee including several of the greatest scholars in Germany, it is an astonishing and, because astonishing, a singularly revealing document. Even in men of science there is, perhaps, something pardonable in a perversion of judgment by patriotic sentiment. But it is not pardonable in men professionally dedicated to the ascertainment and promulgation of truth that they should lend the authority of their names and their professional standing to an attempt to give currency to untrue accounts of matters of fact, in relation to an issue about which all mankind is deeply concerned. We have learned much from German scholars about historical "objectivity" and the niceties of historical criticism; what we receive, when we look for an application of these principles to contemporary events, is a clumsy compilation of fictions, irrelevancies, and vulgar appeals to what are apparently conceived to be American prejudices.

This is not the place for an examination into the conditions in the intellectual life and academic organization of Germany which have made possible this scandalous episode in the history of the scholar's profession; but the incident has in it too much of instruction and warning for Americans of the same profession, to be allowed to pass without notice. In connection with other circumstances it seems, for one thing, to show that the professional class, in the country where it has played the greatest part, has signally failed, at the most critical moment in German history, to perform its proper function—the function of detached criticism, of cool consideration, of insisting that facts, and all the relevant facts, be known and faced. It appears to be shouting with the rest for a wholly avoidable war of which, in nearly all non-German eyes, the moral indefensibility seems exceeded only by its fatal unwisdom from a purely national point of view.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY.

[Professor of Philosophy, Johns Hopkins University.]

London, September 9.

THE POLISH QUESTION OF TO-DAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me, as a Pole, to lay before the impartial judgment of the American public the situation of my fellow-countrymen in the light of the Czar's recent ukase promising the Poles, in case they shall be loyal, religious freedom and the free use of their own language? In writing these lines, I do not attempt to express my own opinion on the issue, nor will I attempt to write Polish history. I should like, however, to lay before your readers facts known not only to every intelligent Pole, but to anybody who has ever been in Poland and has seen actual conditions in that unfortunate country.

The crookedness and perverseness of a few Russian scoundrels, who are guiding a weak-

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minded ruler, have subjected Europe to the rage and fury and desolation of war and deprived millions of women and children of their supporters. Archbishop Rozdestvenski, formerly a member of the second Duma and leader of the Russian Black-Hundreds, at present head of the Russian Orthodox Churches in the United States, predicted, a year ago, in his official paper, the *Russian Orthodox American Messenger,* that in a short time the Russian flag would be hoisted upon the Austrian Carpathian mountains and that Austria would meet the same fate that Turkey met after the Balkan war. Now, a year after these predictions, Russia has started war, and in Poland, and there is being enacted a drama unique in the history of nations.

To-day 700,000 young Poles are murdering one another, fighting for the cause of Russian grafters, or, rather, because the unspeakable Russian wants it. In 1793 a harlot woman, by the name of Catherine, after murdering her husband, caused the destruction and subjection of Poland as an independent nation. Since that time Poles have risen three times against Russian barbarism, but Polish mutinies, riots, and revolutionary outbreaks have always been suppressed in blood and fire by hordes of Russian barbarians, just emerging from a condition of semi-savagery.

Can anybody in this country, which is the bulwark of freedom and the refuge of oppressed peoples, understand how Poles, who love liberty better than life—Poles who had a republican form of government in the eighteenth century, who built universities in the fifteenth century, whose union with Lithuania and Ruthenia, in 1569, was the first voluntary confederation of independent states in Europe, and whose sons, Kosciuszko and Pulaski, fought at the side of George Washington for American independence—have been for more than a century the prey of a bloodthirsty foe?

Under Russian government we Poles are deprived of our physical freedom, of our freedom of conscience, of our freedom to move from one place to another. Many tens of thousands of Poles have been and are now working in chains in Siberian mines under the most revolting and inhuman conditions, digging gold for a crooked Russian Government, and their only crime was that they belonged to some educational alliance or other organization not permitted by Russian satraps. The Russian Government keeps us Poles in constant poverty, and hundreds of thousands of Polish girls from the age of twelve years have been equipped by the Russian police with yellow tickets and sent on the streets as licensed prostitutes, while our boys have no chance to get education, either in public schools or privately, and any attempts to educate children in private houses are punished with long terms of imprisonment.

To enumerate all the crimes Russian officialdom has committed against Poles is impossible. To those, however, who would like to read about Russian cruelties, prosecution, and oppression, I commend the book ("Memories") of the Russian Prince Kropotkin. At the time of the war between Russia and Japan, while the Poles were gone to fight Russia's battles, their country was almost prostrated by the stoppage of productive labor and trade, and thousands of Poles literally starved to death. The year 1863 was the most terrible year for the Poles. More than 100,000 of them, the best of the nation, perished on the scaffold or were sent to Siberia, all their possessions were confiscated, women and children were put to death by starvation or were forced to lead a life of shame. Can all these crimes, committed against them, be obliterated in the minds of Poles?

Now, can anybody assert that the three and one-half millions of Poles in the German Empire shared the same lot as their 12,000,000 brothers under the Russian Government? Have not Poles in Germany been just as successful in trade and industry and agriculture as the Germans themselves? All the trouble that Poles in Prussia ever had, has been brought upon them by agent-provocateurs, sent from Warsaw. I wish only to recall the criminal agitation conducted in Posen by the Russian agents for many years—agents who finally landed in jail, but succeeded in troubling the minds of peaceful citizens. Of course it was a tremendous mistake, even a crime, for the Prussian Government to force through the so-called Polish Expropriation law. But this law has not been put into effect, and will never be.

As to the conditions of the Poles in Austria, there is no necessity to prove that the Poles are the real and exclusive masters of this part of Poland, which is inhabited by Poles. The entire Government of Galicia is in the hands of Poles, beginning from the Governor and ending at the lowest office messengers. More than twenty Poles have been in the last ten years members of the Austrian Cabinets. I will only quote the names of Count Badeni, Prime Minister; Count Goluchowski, for many years Minister of Foreign Affairs; Zalewski, Minister of Finance; Bilinski, Minister of Finance of the Dual Empire; Count Dzieduszycki, Professor Glombinski, Professor Dr. Rittner, Korytowski, Morawski, Abrahomowicz, Jedziejowicz, etc., all members of the Austrian Government, and there have been many hundreds of Poles holding high governmental positions in Vienna. What liberty Poles enjoy in Austria is evidenced by the fact that Galician Poles have succeeded in the last few years in building up cadres of a small Polish national army.

There are now in Galicia four different organizations of Polish sharp-shooters, recognized by the Austrian Government as legal military organizations, and these organizations embrace all able-bodied Poles in Galicia who are not serving in the Austrian regular army.

As to the attitude of the Poles in Russia, I may be permitted to quote a proclamation, issued in March, 1909, by the Central Committee of Polish Labor Organizations, in Warsaw:

> For the first time in a century the common interest of the Powers, which have dismembered Poland, will dissolve. At this time we shall not permit the fate and future of our country to be decided without a voice. We don't want to be serfs and we shall be able to safeguard our interests, the interests of the Polish people, during the approaching events. The Russian Government did not succeed in breaking down our rebellious spirit, in killing our desire for liberty, and in forcing us to renounce all hope of a better future. The Russians have in us unconciliable enemies, prepared to fight to the last drop of blood.
>
> We are preparing for this fight now.

The Polish monthly paper, *Przedswit,* recommended the publications dealing with military instructions, and the labor journal, *Robotnik,* published in Warsaw, printed particular advices to its readers how to collect exact information about the situation of the Russian army forces, and instructed Polish laborers as to what they should do while being put into the Russian army, etc.

All these proclamations and articles have been accepted by the Polish nation, and even those Poles who have been looking for an understanding with Russia had no answer to give to the proclamations of the Polish people.

More than one prominent Austrian, German, and Russian writer has in the last years declared openly that an independent Poland could not in any way menace Austrian, German, and Russian national interests and aims. The Russian Prince, Uchtomski, and Professor Sobolwski and others have sympathized with the struggle of the Poles for national existence.

To-day the German and Austrian armies have joined to erect an independent Poland.

ALEXANDER SZARSKI.

New York, September 15.

A REPLY TO VERNON LEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Vernon Lee's letter, in your last issue, is particularly grateful to those of us who have long seen in the sensitive critic an accomplished publicist as well. It is also a satisfaction to see the hectic Mr. H. G. Wells properly brought to book. With his suggestion that, while maintaining an official neutrality, we should aid the Allies by starving Germany out, there will be no sympathy here. It is not our American way.

Yet it is well that thinkers of Vernon Lee's type should understand the nature of our neutrality. Our judgment as a nation approves neutrality, but we maintain it despite our hearts, which are with the Allies. In about the only good poetry evoked by the war Percy MacKaye writes—

> How shall we keep an armed neutrality
> With our own souls? Our souls belie our lips,
> That seek to hold our passions in eclipse
> And hide the wound of our sharp sympathy.

That is the attitude of nine Americans out of ten. In deed we will be loyal to the neutrality that judgment dictates, but our sympathies are our own. The sentiment is deeply rooted as an instinct among our people generally, and is held as keenly by our *intellectuels,* for the following sufficient reasons:

We believe Germany could have prevented the world war, and should have so done. We believe that she not merely let things drift, but actually precipitated war by issuing ultimatums to Russia and France at the moment when the Servian trouble was in hopeful process of diplomatic adjustment. We note that Germany, departing from her honorable precedent of 1870, began war by breaking faith with Belgium, and since has prosecuted hostilities with a ruthless barbarism repugnant to civilization.

These are entirely disinterested reasons for America's desiring the defeat of Germany. They are powerfully reinforced by a motive of policy. It is the sober conviction of most of us that for the United States to live peaceably in the same world with a dominant Germany would be impossible.

So much should be said lest our European friends confuse the official utterances which our judgment approves with our intimate feelings as men and women.

Of Mr. Wells's eulogy of Russia as a great liberal force, Vernon Lee makes good sport, and legitimately. Yet it seems to me almost as unwise to raise issues of absolute national value, always an abstract appraisal, at the moment of a death-and-life alignment. It is enough for me that at this moment Russia is the indispensable bulwark of Western civ-

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ilization. What she may do in the future I do not know. I do know that but for her France would be prostrate, England imperilled, Belgium an annex to Prussia. Here is ground enough for enduring gratitude to Russia. There may or may not be a Slavic peril at some future time—personally I do not anticipate it—but meanwhile the world faces a very urgent Prussian peril which must be dealt with. One peril at a time is a very good rule.

When Vernon Lee describes Prussian militarism as so much cleverly invented mythology, she surely abuses the wit that has made her famous. Indeed, her own freely expressed hope that southern Germany might gain as against Prussia is a virtual acceptance of the reality that lies behind the alleged myth. Few Americans who have lived in Prussia doubt that Prussian militarism is a fact of portentous order. For more than two centuries has been preparing the rigid, arrogant, one-sidedly efficient temper that brooks no difference of thinking and envisages the world solely in military terms. If Vernon Lee still suspects that Prussian militarism is merely a sophistical form of words, let her descend from the seclusion of Shooters Hill and interview the refugees from Aershot and Louvain.

Prussianism is the cause of the war, and the cause of its worst inhumanities. Accordingly, Prussia must pay the penalty. Should the war stop short of her abasement, the whole sacrifice will have been in vain. To crush Prussia is to aid Germany. The liberal, intelligent, and kindly Brunswickers, Hanoverians, Saxons, Silesians, Württembergers, Bavarians, who are falling by thousands, are victims not of the Allies' arms, but of Prussian ascendency. It is indeed well that we should hold clearly in mind the distinction between Deutschland, which is likely to be regenerated through defeat, and the maleficent kingdom which has made Europe a shambles, and is itself marked for extinction.

In this matter I am sure that I speak for thousands of Americans who know their Europe and know their history. Such is our neutrality—confessedly a somewhat grim variety. On the main issue that we will not starve Germany out while pretending friendship, I am heartily with Vernon Lee. If the time came to make an issue with Germany, the first move would not be the locking of our granaries, but the opening of our recruiting offices.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, Jr.

Princeton, New Jersey, September 24.

THE GIFT OF PROPHECY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The gift of prophecy is often ascribed to great men, and to none with more propriety than to Goethe. "Unser tiefsinniger Dichter," as he is still admiringly called in Germany, undoubtedly had in view the present Kaiser when he wrote the following lines in his immortal drama of "Faust":

> Weh! Weh! die schöne Welt!
> Du hast sie zerstört mit mächtiger Faust;
> Ein Halbgott hat sie geschlagen.

One notices that the prudent poet wrote "with *mighty* fist," not "with *mailed* fist," for fear of prosecution for *lèse majesté*. It is remarkable that this striking prophecy has escaped the New York *Staats-Zeitung*.

AN OLD LEIPZIG STUDENT.

New York, September 19.

Literature

A TENACIOUS CREED.

Buddhist China. By Reginald Fleming Johnston. New York: E. P. Dutton. Illustrated. $5 net.

A reader familiar with the literature on China published since the Opium War notices an endeavor within recent years to interpret the spiritual side of Chinese life with tolerance for all forms of religious expression. The contrast to the attitude assumed by writers fifty years ago is significant. The old view that morality and good citizenship were impossible unless allied with the definite formulas of Christianity has been so far abandoned as at least to concede to the China of the past a considerable culture and happiness attained without any knowledge of the creeds of Christendom. Mr. Johnston, a student of Buddhism, who recognizes its present as well as its past hold upon the people of China, goes further than this. He is desirous of convincing his countrymen that "even if Buddhism collapses as a religious system, it may still continue to wield an immense though perhaps impalpable influence over Chinese thought. Indeed, it may actually regain some of the influence which it has been gradually losing over cultivated minds when it shakes itself free from the worthless superstitions with which the need of satisfying the crude religious instincts of an ignorant populace has forced it into more or less grudging alliance." Not only has Buddhism in the past been the chief inspiration of artistic and imaginative efforts in China, it has been a source of comfort to its adherents and a safeguard to the state; nor is it advisable to assume that, "even as a religion in the ordinary sense of the word, Buddhism has run its course."

All this differs *toto cœlo* from what we used to read in books written a generation ago. Whatever may be thought by adherents of the old missionary policy of unyielding opposition to everything "heathen," this change in the posture of Christian writers has the advantage of introducing our half of the civilized world to less prejudiced views of the condition of a country which, despite the attacks of other faiths, has held consistently to Buddhism as the religion of its common people. Like Christianity in the West, Buddhism was adapted as well as adopted by a race foreign to the land of its origin, and though its followers all regard the canon as their ultimate authority, its interpretations have accorded more and more as time elapsed with the spirit and temper of the Chinese mind. It is often said, indeed, that the complexities of Mahayana Buddhism have carried the Chinese so far from the teachings of Sakyamuni as to have resulted in a new creed. The same charge is brought against Christianity to-day; it is actually true of neither. Buddha, like Confucius, was discreetly silent upon many questions because he thought that their solution had no necessary relation to the great problems of life and a hereafter. The accepted doctrines of Buddhism that stagger the Western mind are those denying the existence of a personal deity, the soul, and a continuing individuality after death; but the author finds that even here the disagreement is mainly one of metaphysics, the Buddhist view of the ego being not unlike that of a good many thinkers in Europe; for, he adds, "there is a close association between the Buddhist idea of a personality liberated from the phenomenal ego and the belief of Western mystics and others in a transcendental self freed from the limitations of temporal individuality."

Here, then, are two points suggesting possibilities of an interaction between the two great creeds, at which the stern propagandists of Christianity in the East would have recoiled half a century ago; what may result from them time alone will show. The first of these is the development in terms of Chinese thought of some of those metaphysical questions which Buddha left unanswered. If Buddha discouraged their discussion they have not been disregarded by Mahayana Buddology, for not only has Amitabha become God, but Buddha is mystically associated with him "through being his earthly embodiment, or rather reflex." Personal merit, the only and sufficient means taught by Buddha for securing salvation, is now subordinated to the necessity of faith, for "the Chinese commentators do not hesitate to assert that no amount of virtue will insure a rebirth in the Western Paradise if unaccompanied by invocations of the name of Amitabha." A personal deity, a saviour, heaven and hell and justification by faith have been accepted by the adherents of a religion which began by denying them all. As to the second point: while Buddha himself began by rejecting all soul theories, because the inexorable law of retribution was incompatible with the idea of an individual soul, out of the fine distinction drawn between the impermanent ego and the transcendental self has arisen a belief in the continuing identity of a man's soul that is confidently maintained by the vast majority of Buddhists in northern Asia. A creed that has wandered so far from the precepts of its founder is capable of wandering further, even to absorbing the fundamentals of Christianity, while yet calling itself Buddhism.

But whatever may become of Buddhism in the future it has been in the past a supreme influence in Chinese standards of life as well as in literature and art. Mr. Johnston, whose studies during a long residence in China entitle him to consideration as an authority, esteems it a force too deeply seated ever to be wholly eradicated, and he does not seem to wish it to be otherwise:

Those of China's foreign friends who long to see not only the political regeneration of this great country, but also a brilliant revival of creative activity in arts and letters, can hardly fail to take a keen and sympathetic interest in the fortunes of that wonderful creed, or system of creeds, which for at least fifteen centuries has exerted so pow-

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erful an influence—artistic and philosophic no less than religious and ethical—over the heart and mind of China.

These are the reflections of a man who approaches his subject in no controversial spirit, but who recognizes an elemental character in Buddhism—jejune though it may be in its modern estate—deeply ingrained in the soul of a people. As we began by saying, the author's point of view is the most significant though by no means the only remarkable feature of his book. More than half of it is devoted to a description of Chiu-hua and Pu-to, two of the holy places of the cult in China. They are each sacred to a Bodhisat associated with the idea of Amida's mercy, but here, as in other religions, dedication to a particular saint does not preclude the worship of all the deities in the pantheon at his temple. Of Ti-tsang, the Sanskrit Kshitigarbha, patron divinity of the former place, it is related that he has vowed to devote æons of time to rescue humanity from punishment and bring all living beings safe to the heaven of Buddhahood. He is the Japanese Jizo, only less famous in northern Buddhism than Kuan-yin, patron of Pu-to Island, whose female form, though only a matter, apparently, of a few centuries, has made the name familiar over the world as the Chinese Goddess of Mercy. Both these sacred spots have been completely devastated in quite recent times, revealing to the visitor that sad paucity of ancient monuments so characteristic of storm-ridden China despite her great antiquity, but their sanctity remains. There is much to reward the student of Buddhism in the numerous monasteries clustered about these two sites, and Mr. Johnston's account of them furnishes abundant material for an understanding not only of local observances, but of the broader subject of comparative religion.

The wanderings or transfer of a deity from one race group to another are sufficiently familiar to students of religion everywhere, but few divinities appear to have travelled so far afield as the popular Kuan-yin. There is reason to suppose (though Mr. Johnston does not make much of the evidence) that the original "Looking-down God" was transferred from the mountain region of southern Arabia, the primitive Semitic deity of Mopla sailors which they brought first to Ceylon and later to the Far East. From Ceylon his worship passed into India and was merged in Indian Buddhism under the title of Avalokitesvara, the "Lord who looks down" in mercy upon mankind, one of a triad ruling the Western Paradise and acting as saviours of the world. There seem to have been two cults associated with his Bodhisat, one coming to China through Tibet and the other probably brought by sea, whereby comes its association with ships and the ocean and Kuan-yin's sanctuary on the island of Pu-to. The womanhood of Kuan-yin may date from the seventh century, but it does not appear to have been universally recognized before the Sung period, from which time, as the embodiment of divine mercy to erring mortals and as bestower of children to the barren, she has assumed the first place in the affections of the people of China and Japan. As to the worship accorded to images by Buddhists, the author declines to believe that the Chinese are any more idolatrous than the mass of Roman Catholics:

> It is only the most ignorant of Buddhists, as it is only the most ignorant of Christians, who regard the images before which they kneel in prayer or adoration as the real and ultimate objects of their pious devotion. To the enlightened Buddhist, as to the enlightened Catholic, the image or sacred picture is merely a symbol of divinity.

Education, then, and a return to the high standards of Buddhism in its prime would seem to be Mr. Johnston's cure for a demoralized China—not the propagation of the creed which goes forth to destroy. It may be so, but Buddhism has fallen so far from its former high estate that upon the evidence of those who know the country best, as Christians and for its own good,

> Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
> Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

CURRENT FICTION.

Perch of the Devil. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"Perch of the Devil" was the original and colorful name of Butte, Montana. Its adoption by a son of Butte as the name of the mine where much of the action of this story takes place gives the title double fitness. The leading young man, Gregory Compton, is the tall, lean, dark, silent, indomitable gentleman whom, like some other heroes, one meets somewhat more frequently in fiction than in truth. For her beauty, he has married Ida, an ultra-American maiden, with a mouth full of chewing gum and double negatives, and an inherently vulgar mind, but a great soul. Her sudden conversion into a person of elegant speech and manners does not violate the canons of romance. Ida presently moves into the best circles abroad, and becomes an object of pursuit by persons of rank. Meantime, Gregory has become involved with a lady to the manner born, his wife's most intimate friend, and wife of his most intimate friend.

Mrs. Atherton keeps insisting upon the fact that Ora is a lady, and, accepting Mrs. Atherton's ruling that to be a lady does not imply anything as to mind or morals, we may as well admit her ladyship as deny it. Otherwise she is a selfish neurasthenic who does her best to play the devil with the lives of Gregory and Ida, and almost succeeds. Involved with this story of the familiar triangle are the fortunes of Gregory's mine, and his successful defence of it against the open or subtle tactics of Amalgamated Copper. Gregory becomes immensely rich, and, finally escaping the evils of the perfect lady, Ora, finds unexpected happiness with the now refined but not denatured Ida. The most interesting and genuine motive in the story is the discovery by that cold and calculating beauty that she has a real passion for her husband, and that in some mysterious and changeless way they have come to belong to each other.

The House. A Novel. By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. New York: Duffield & Co.

This account of the simple, laborious, high-idealed life of the provinces is precisely what it purports to be: history of a family and a home. There are few vicissitudes and fewer incidents; the author's art is expended upon portraiture of the father, a conscientious physician; the mother, and the six brothers and sisters of the narrator. The result is a certain lack of color, especially as the point of view is personal and subjective. The reader will be confirmed in a conjecture that Mr. Bordeaux lacks ability to construct a plot by the similarity of the central action to that of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People"—the physician condemning the water mains of a neighboring resort, and suffering the public displeasure in consequence. But this is only a ripple in the slow full stream of the story. Its deliberateness, its realism in the best sense of the word, antagonistic to passion and extravagance, its attempt to depict in its sober strength the peasant and bourgeois earnestness, give it at first glance the effect of a mere exposition of French country life. But it is surcharged with a poetry that rounds it with narrative effect. When the home ends with the death of the father and the passage into various avenues of the children, we feel—though the teller is but eighteen—that the book has lost its protagonist.

The Charmed Life of Miss Austin. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Co.

Edith Austin is by no means an uncommon type in fiction. A more adventuresome girl, with a better capacity for getting in and out of serious troubles, could not well be imagined. American girls are proverbially dissatisfied under restraint, and Edith is no exception to the rule. Travelling in the Far East with her uncle and aunt, she contrives to elude them—their chaperonage being anything but strict—and, of course, gets into all sorts of trouble, generally serious, which puts her "charmed life" to the severest tests. Beginning with a visit to the Chinese district of Shanghai at night, unattended, whence she is rescued by a young Frenchman, but not until she has been forced to act as second in a prize fight between him and a drunken sailor, champion of the fleet, for her possession, she passes through adventure after adventure, in which she falls in love many times, upsets well-planned *coups*, and confounds dishonest politicians, pirates, thieves, and rascally merchants. She leads her relatives a hard chase in their efforts to extricate her from her difficulties, but they always arrive too late, for the inevitable young man has turned up. After each rescue, however, she falls out of love as easily as she fell in. One is inclined to sympathize with her uncle's deep and fer-

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vent "Thank God" when he receives word that she is married to her latest rescuer.

The Bird-Store Man: An Old-Fashioned Story. By Norman Duncan. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Norman Duncan has left Labrador and the big woods for the nonce, to give us a quaint little idyl of city life. To the sub-title we may be allowed to take exception. Thomas Twitter, the Bird-Store Man, is frankly Dickensian, with his chorus of canaries—reminiscent of the way in which Nature is so often made to act as chorus to the great Victorian's characters in their moments of stress or exaltation. But the Bird-Store Man, the Little Girl, and the dog Alexander form a triangle as novel as it is refreshing. And while the Bird-Store Man and the Little Girl have figured in fiction before under aliases, there is nothing old-fashioned about Alexander, who, having come to the rescue of his family in its extremity, finally "loses his job" in the most approved modern style. Tom Twitter's Academy for the Higher Education of Canines claims a place among the institutions of higher learning, if only for the culmination of its curriculum in the "college yell" on "graduation day." The story is slightly sketched, but the minor characters do their little parts on time, and, having done them, vanish as they should. An altogether delightful hour's reading, and not without suggestions of the more serious sort which he who runs may read.

A BENEFICENT LOBBYIST.

The Life-Work of Edward A. Moseley. By James Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This work is the record of an ordinary man who did extraordinary things. In his birth, education, native wit, and contact with life he resembled hundreds of thousands of other Americans. But a happy conjunction of circumstances and a zealous spirit enabled him to put a mark on our economic policies that will never be effaced. Perseverance did for him what far more brilliant qualities have failed to do for others.

Moseley was the first secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission. At the start there were five Commissioners, and an effort was made to obtain one of the appointments for him. Geographical conditions precluded this, but President Cleveland believed that the secretaryship would be an important post, and asked Moseley to accept it.

The Commission has undergone a great change in the last twenty-seven years, but its assured position of to-day is in no small measure the result of the efforts of its original members. No path of duty had been blazed for it in 1887. The law creating it was an experiment in a new field of Federal activity, and it was yet to be tested by experience and interpreted by the courts. Its methods of procedure remained to be devised. The Commissioners were strangers to one another. Their executive officer, the secretary, was unknown to them; they had taken him on President Cleveland's faith; and it is admitted that he had no special experience and no natural aptitude. In such circumstances, licking the Commission into shape was a difficult task. Yet it was performed in a way that enables us to trace the intellectual parentage of the present body back to the original appointees.

Moseley's most distinctive work was as a humanitarian. From the start he was an indefatigable worker for the safety of railway employees. The Federal Government, in adopting the Interstate Commerce law, had asserted its power to regulate commerce between the States, but not the instrumentalities of that commerce, the cars in which it was carried. In 1888 the Legislature of Massachusetts memorialized Congress on the subject, but without waiting for Congress to act, Moseley, with the sanction of the Commission, called upon the railways to report the number of persons killed and injured in coupling cars.

The first mention of the subject in the annual reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission was in 1889, but the Commissioners confessed that they were not prepared to recommend a national law because the difficulties of formulating and enforcing a statute of this kind seemed to them great, if not insurmountable. The secretary, however, went on with his work of collating the casualty reports from the railways, the totals of which constituted a staggering argument, and he employed every available means of driving the argument home. The obstacle to success was the expense. There were 1,200,000 freight cars, and very few of them had automatic couplers and airbrakes. The cry went up that it would cost the railways $100,000,000 to comply with such a law as was demanded.

Moseley knew no rest. He supplied the committee's reports in both the Senate and the House, the material for speeches of Senators and Representatives, as well as that for the messages of President Harrison, who three times commended the measure to Congress. He marshalled the forces of railway labor for the first time in Washington, and skilfully "pulled the wires leading to the seats of influence at either end of the Capitol." He brought such influence to bear on both national conventions in 1892 as to cause the subject to be mentioned in the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties. In short, "he steered and pushed the bill with all the adroitness and efficiency and with more than the ardor of an experienced lobbyist." His efforts were rewarded in 1893.

He was equally incessant in seeing that the Safety Appliance law was complied with. The first test case was in the courts of the State of Utah, and the employee was the loser. Moseley adopted a course unknown to our system of jurisprudence. He urged Mr. Knox, the Attorney-General, to intervene and file a brief on behalf of the Government in a case between private parties, and when Mr. Knox agreed, he went to work preparing photographs and making a model of cars with automatic coupling devices, to say nothing of compiling statistics, all of which were presented to the court, with the result that the employee obtained a favorable verdict.

The Employers' Liability act was another measure to which Moseley devoted himself body and soul. Still others were the act requiring railways to report all collisions and accidents, with their causes and surrounding circumstances; the act compelling the establishment of the block signal system; the act to regulate the hours of labor on railways, and the Arbitration law of 1898, commonly known as the Erdman Act. It was he also who, in 1894, urged upon the leaders of the brotherhoods of railway employees the necessity of having a "good man" at Washington "to push things."

Moseley's career was identified with so many transforming policies that it is of necessity a matter of interest to students of our industrial development. If it were asked who of all those connected with it from the start has best typified the Interstate Commerce Commission, it would probably be safe to answer, Edward A. Moseley.

A GUIDEBOOK OF JAPAN.

Terry's Japanese Empire. Including Korea and Manchuria: A Guidebook for Travellers. By T. Philip Terry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.

This, the second of the Terry Guidebooks, deserves a warm welcome, for it is a marvel of condensed information such as the tourist demands and appreciates. Nearly 300 pages of general introductory matter precede the 800 pages of the actual itinerary; and the whole treatment reveals close acquaintance with travel conditions in Japan and with the best authorities on special subjects. The preliminary hints are well chosen and judicious. More ambitious than anything of the kind yet published, the Guidebook includes Korea and Formosa and has a serviceable chapter on Manchuria.

A few blunders crop out here and there. On page 133 occurs the term *Yoshiwaras*, but there is only one Yoshiwara, as the paragraphs on pages 221-3 indicate, the other "red-light" localities found in outlying parts of the city being known as *yujoba*. Indeed, the two passages contain evident discrepancies. Although the book is so up-to-date as to mention the eruption of Sakura-jima in January of the present year, yet it does not take notice of the complete destruction just three years ago of the Yoshiwara, nor the strong efforts that were thereupon made to abolish the institution.

Educational details need some revision. The Imperial University at Tokyo took the name Teikoku Daigaku in 1886, not in "1897, to distinguish it from the sister institution at Kyoto." Its present name, Tokyo Teikoku Daigaku, dates from 1897. There is no statement, in the description of Sendai, that this northern city is the home of three colleges of the Tohuku University—Science, Medicine, and Engineering. And in the de-

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scription of Fukuoka, there is a failure to note that this city of Kyushu, where a College of Medicine was founded some years ago and attached temporarily to the University of Kyoto, is now the home of two colleges of the fourth, or Kyushu, Imperial University.

Dates in the Bibliography and elsewhere should also be revised. "The Mikado's Empire," by Griffis, should have "12th edition, 1913," in place of 1899, and Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," "1910" in place of 1893. Capt. Brinkley did not assume control of the *Japan Mail*, which has done such excellent service for the Empire, till 1881—not 1885 (as stated at p. clx).

In the description of the native horses (p. xc) we are told that "in certain districts (N. Japan) mares only are used for beasts of burden, while in others (Tokyo, Yokohama, etc.) one rarely sees anything but stallions." This requires explanation: there are horse (stallion) and mare provinces, as those know from awkward experiences who have lived near the dividing line. Again, it is stated at page 135 that "Yedo was changed to Tokei (then Tokio and later Tokyo)." But these three forms are merely ways of transcribing the same character. Tokei represents an old-fashioned pronunciation, appearing on Government publications until the 'eighties; while Tokio, a Roman variant of Tokyo, is still in general use.

In the historical part of the introductory matter, the account of Xavier's wonderful career in Japan, based on Griffis, and with a strong anti-Roman Catholic bias, might be rewritten with attention to later and better authorities. The heading, Early Tokugawa Time (1573-1603), prefaced to paragraphs dealing with Nobunaga and Hideyoshi, is misleading. These two dictators, neither of them Shoguns, had nothing to do with the wonderful centralizing system which we associate with the Tokugawa rulers. The period is essentially pre-Tokugawa. In the Korea section there is too outspoken a bias against Russia, sarcastically termed "holy, peace-loving" (p. 712). While Japan must be credited with excellent administrative work in the Hermit Kingdom, yet her record there is by no means stainless; and we look for reticence and strict impartiality in a guidebook.

THE GAP BETWEEN FROUDE AND GARDINER FILLED.

A History of England from the Defeat of the Armada to the Death of Elizabeth. Vol. I. By Edward P. Cheney. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

Professor Cheney says in his preface: "The task of this book is twofold, first to give a narrative of the events of English history during the last fifteen years of the reign of Elizabeth; secondly, to give a description of the form of government and society in England at the same time." He is too modest to say that it will fill the gap which has long existed between the histories of Froude and Gardiner. Yet this is essentially what it does, and it does it successfully so far as we can judge by the first volume. In workmanship it naturally resembles Gardiner rather than Froude. Professor Cheney has a wide and sound acquaintance with all the printed sources, and he has also made good use of manuscript records. England on the eve of the settlement of America is a field in which he has ploughed and harrowed thoroughly—as one might guess from his dedication "To the students past and present in my Saturday seminar in English History." He shows no prejudices, no attempt at dramatic writing, and no effort to establish novel theses. He refrains from telling over again interesting matters which are already easily accessible in other books, in order that he may have more space for the less known but equally interesting and important facts and figures which he has gathered from the Calendars, the Acts of the Privy Council, and other sources. His style is sober but not dull; it often has much of the dignity of the Elizabethan writers in whom he has steeped himself and from whom he gives many picturesque and humorous brief quotations. It is to be hoped that the second volume will contain an index of the whole work which shall be worthy of the author's accuracy in regard to detail.

The subjects which Professor Cheney chooses to treat in the first volume he groups into four parts: (1) Royal Administration; (2) Military Affairs, 1588-1595; (3) Exploration and Commerce; (4) Violence upon the Sea. Of these the first and the last are of greatest interest and value to students. The last gives a striking impression of the great number of "tureble pirats" even on the seas adjoining England. Piracies were practiced on Englishmen, sometimes even with the connivance of the very authorities whose duty it was to suppress them. In addition to these, of course, were the legally recognized reprisals on foreigners to make good English losses, and the constant and very irritating English practice of seizing from ships of neutrals anything going towards Spain which could possibly be considered as contraband of war. To all this violence off the coasts of Europe is to be added that which was constantly practiced by English sailors against Spanish and Portuguese off South America and in the East Indies. Well might the Governor of Zante write of the English: "I myself am firmly convinced that there is not a sailor of that nation but is a pirate."

In Part I, Professor Cheney gives an excellent account of Elizabeth herself in her later years, her household, her ministers, the usages at her court, and the administration of justice in her courts of law. He inclines to a less harsh opinion of the "Star-Chamber proceedings" than tradition and common belief have assigned to them, showing that they were neither more secret nor more arbitrary than the other courts of equity; the penalties inflicted, however, were somewhat more whimsical and humiliating: a cozening lawyer was required to confess his fault and wear a paper on his hat declaring his offence as he walked past the law courts in Westminster Hall; others were made to ride in public with faces towards the horse's tail; and an unfortunate false accuser, "after long punishment, lost both his ears on the pillory, was slit in the nose, branded on the forehead, and condemned to further imprisonment for life." It is characteristic of Professor Cheney's collection of statistical data to note that more than thirty thousand cases came before the Star Chamber during the reign of Elizabeth. They included all sorts of charges. The three most common were riot, forgery, and libel. For this was a libellous age, as might be suggested by Falstaff's threat, "An have I not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison," or by the somewhat inconsistent intention which Sir John Harrington set down in his diary:

> I will write a damnable storie and put it in goodlie verse about Lorde A. He hath done me some ill turnes. God keepe us from lyinge and slander worke.

Notes

The Century Company announces for publication to-morrow "The Old World and the New," by Edward Alsworth Ross.

The following volumes are included in Frederick A. Stokes Company's October list: "The Man of Iron," by Richard Dehan; "Through Siberia," by Fridtjof Nansen; "Chats on Old Copper and Brass" (Collectors' series); "The Sport of Collecting," Sir Martin Conway; "The Women of Egypt," by Elizabeth Cooper; "German Masters of Art," by Mrs. C. Dickinson; "A Woman in the Sahara," by Helen C. Gordon; "Seven Champions of Christendom," by F. J. H. Darton; "The Kewpie Kutouts," by Rose O'Neill. In the Library of Irish Literature the same house announces: "Thomas Davis," "Wild Sports of the West," "Legends of Saints and Sinners," "Humours of Irish Life," "Irish Orators and Oratory," "The Book of Irish Poetry."

A partial list of the autumn publications of the Yale University Press includes, in poetry: "The Song of Roland," translated into verse by Leonard Bacon; "Mother of Men, Old Yale," by Brian Hooker; "Poems," by Brian Hooker; "The English Poems of Henry King, D.D., sometime Bishop of Chichester," edited by Lawrence Mason. English literature: "The East I Know," a translation of Paul Claudel's "La Connaissance de l'Est" made by Mr. and Mrs. William Rose Benét; "Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare," by Charles D. Stewart; "Essays on Milton," by Elbert N. S. Thompson. History: "The Department of State of the United States: Its History and Functions," by Gaillard Hunt; "Cicero of Arpinum," a political and literary biography, by E. G. Sihler; "Memorials of Eminent Yale Men," a biographical study of student life and university influences during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, by Anson Phelps Stokes. Science: "The Problem of Volcanism," by Joseph P. Iddings; "Science and Religion: the Rational and the Superrational," by C. J. Keyser; "Water Conservation by Storage," by F. H. Newell; "Problems of American Geology" (Dana commemorative lectures delivered on the Silliman Founda-

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tion); "Conservation of Water by Storage," by George F. Swain. Public affairs: "Concerning Justice," by Lucilius A. Emery; "Municipal Citizenship," by George McAneny; "Trade Morals, their Origin, Growth, and Province," by Edward D. Page; "Yale Readings in Insurance," edited by the late Lester W. Zartman, Ph.D., revised with additions by William H. Price, Ph.D.

Macmillan's autumn list, in addition to the volumes announced last week, includes, in religion: "Social Redemption," by Walter Rauschenbusch; "The Christian Life in the Modern World," by Francis G. Peabody; "Live and Learn," by Washington Gladden; "The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy," by Henry C. Vedder; "Modern Religious Movements in India," by J. N. Farquhar; "The Development of the Christian Religion," by Shailer Mathews; "Vital Elements of Preaching," by Arthur S. Hoyt; "Social Christianity in the Orient," by John E. Clough; "The Bible and the Religion of the Spirit," by F. C. Porter; "The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas," by Arthur C. McGiffert; "Paul's Doctrine of Redemption," by Henry Beach Carré; "The Man of Nazareth," by Frederick L. Anderson. Medicine: "Infection and Resistance," by Hans Zinsser; "The Cancer Problem," by William Seaman; "Operations of Surgery," by W. H. A. Jacobson, new edition, revised by R. P. Rowlands and Philip Turner; "Diseases of the Arteries and Angina Pectoris," by Thomas Clifford Allbutt; "Tuberculosis of the Bones and Joints in Children," by John Fraser; "Essays on the Surgery of the Temporal Bone," by Charles A. Ballance; "A Short Manual of Diseases of the Nervous System," by Edwin Bramwell; "Radiography, X-Ray Therapeutics, and Radium Therapy," by Robert Knox; "Tuberculosis and Consumption," by A. J. Jex Blake; "Pasteur, and After Pasteur," by Stephen Paget; "Medical Entomology," by William B. Herms.

For colleges, teachers, and schools Macmillan publishes the following: "Forms of Prose Composition," by Frank W. Scott; "College Life—Its Conditions and Problems," by Maurice Garland Fulton; "English Composition for College Women," by Elizabeth Moore and others; "Handbook of Exposition," by R. A. Jelliffe; "Aspects of Modern Drama," by Frank Wadleigh Chandler; "Representative English Comedies," Vol. III, the Contemporaries of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and others, edited by Charles Mills Gayley; "A History of England and Greater Britain," by Arthur Lyon Cross; "Readings in Political Philosophy," by Francis W. Coker; "Introduction to the Science of Ethics," by Theodore de Laguna; "Principles of Secondary Education," edited by Paul Monroe; "State and County Educational Reorganization," "State and County School Administration," by Elwood P. Cubberley; "Problems of Child Welfare," by George B. Mangold; "Economics of Efficiency," by Norris A. Brisco; "International Trade and Foreign Exchange," by Henry Gunnison Brown; "Food Products," by Henry C. Sherman; "College Physiography," by Ralph S. Tarr; "An Introduction to the Study of Fossils," by Henry W. Shimer; "The Germ Cell Cycle of Animals," by Robert W. Hegner; "Geometry of Four Dimensions," by Henry Parker Manning; "Handbook of Practice for Teachers," by Charles A. McMurray; "Child Discipline," by William Chandler Bagley; "Handbook of Vocational Education," by Joseph F. Taylor; "Lessons in Appreciation," by F. H. Haywood; "A Fundamental Study in the Pedagogy of Arithmetic," by Henry Budd Howell; "A Method of Teaching Primary Reading," by B. L. C. McMurray; "Ancient Civilization," by Roscoe Lewis Ashley; "American Literature for Secondary Schools," by William B. Cairns; "Farm Crops," "Farm Animals," by George F. Warren; "Soils," by Franklin Stewart Harris.

Dr. Clare Howard has achieved the distinction of a readable dissertation in her "English Travellers of the Renaissance" (Lane; $2.50 net). Those were days when anybody who was or who aspired to be anybody travelled, for travel afforded the only effective means of studying modern languages, history, and institutions. To the young courtier the Continent offered the chance of sharp discipline amid men and cities, and a glimpse of a humaner civilization than that of his island home. Though there were some, like Ascham, who questioned not without reason the benefit of promiscuous travel in view of the many risks to manners, morals, and religion—the "Italianate Englishman" passed into a proverb—there grew up an enthusiastic literature in praise of travel. Appropriately enough, these manuals of instruction have their beginning in the fatherland of Baedeker, but unlike his indispensable volumes, they attempt not to describe the things which the traveller will see, but in a spirit of didacticism, which is the peculiar possession of no one age, they address themselves to the task of arousing in the traveller's mind a lively appreciation of his high calling, his duty to himself and to the State. The gist of these books, without prolixity and vain repetition, Dr. Howard sets before the reader, with copious illustrations from the lives of real travellers. She clearly traces the gradual relaxation of the old ideal of erudition, the Tudor traveller's primary concern, in the seventeenth-century courtier who preferred to learn his dancing, fencing, and riding the great horse at one of the French "academies," and the still further degeneration in the fashionable gentleman and his Grand Tour after the days of Charles II.

That Napoleon was fortunate to escape from Russia with any troops at all is the conclusion to which Lieut.-Col. R. G. Burton's analysis of the causes of his failure leads a reader of "Napoleon's Invasion of Russia," the latest volume in the Special Campaign series (Macmillan; $1.60 net). Nor was this due primarily to the Russian winter, as most historians will have it, influenced, no doubt, by a commendable affection for poetic justice. Napoleon had the winter to face because he lingered in Moscow, uncertain of his next move. He had surmounted great obstacles in order to gain the ancient capital, only to find that Russia still eluded him. Yet if he made mistakes in details in his operations, no skill less than his could have extricated the army from the trap into which he had thrown it. He was aided also by mistakes on the part of his enemies. In a word, he had undertaken an impossible task, which nothing but his genius could have made appear possible. The invasion and the retreat are traced by the author with care, but without much imagination. Six maps and plans accompany the volume.

The timeliness of Theodore Clarke Smith's "The Wars Between England and America" (Holt; Home University Library; 50 cents) is sadly shattered by a convulsion that has put the centenary of peace quite out of men's minds. Yet this is true in a narrow sense only. The interest of the period from the Peace of Paris in 1763 to the Treaty of Ghent in 1815 is perennial. And it is the history of this period, political and diplomatic and not merely military, as his title would suggest, that Professor Smith gives us in one of the most interesting volumes of the rapidly growing series of which it is one of the newest additions. The distinction and charm of the book are its following of the developments at Westminster along with those in the colonies or States, so that one sees, as one ought to see but seldom has been permitted, both sides of the shield, not now and then merely, but continually. The influence of George III on the current of American affairs has long been taught to schoolchildren, perhaps overtaught, but the effect of Whig and Tory politics is not so familiar. Professor Smith sets us above the contending countries, and bids us view the game on both sides at once. Any one who fears that this must make the guide less of an American should read his account. As an instance of the author's impartiality as well as range of knowledge of his subject, we may cite his quiet noting of the not generally remembered fact that the burning of Washington in 1814 was an act of retaliation, if an extravagant one, and not the unprovoked barbarity it is usually represented as being. "The Growth of Europe," by Grenville A. J. Cole, is not political, but geographical and geological. It traces the comparatively recent changes that have made the surface features of Europe what they are. These changes consist less in the wearing away of rocks and the deposit of continental waste than in upheaval and depression. The volume is a bit technical for the ordinary reader, whose interests are usually consulted with more care in this series. "Sex," by Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson, joint authors of "The Evolution of Sex," is a sensible handling of what is in our time a most mishandled subject. The authors are at once scientific and human, showing thorough appreciation of the need of delicacy in approaching the matters of which they treat, but, on the other hand, not taking refuge from plain speaking in the mysteries of physiological and psychological terminology. The range of the little volume is such as to include a consideration of woman's place in society, which is performed with an admirable combination of historical and scientific knowledge, absence of dogmatism, and sound judgment.

"Chaucer and His Times," another of this series, by Grace E. Hadow, would be more accurately named "Chaucer and His Influence." It is a careful study of the work of the poet, with due recognition of his limitations as well as his gifts. In successive chapters on his treatment of his sources, his character-drawing, his humor, and his descriptive power, we review the traits that have given him his place in English literature. The book is the work of a scholar, and pleases by its nice discriminations and power of analysis; at the same time, it is anything but pedantic, as is particularly evident in its opening chapter on Chaucer's Life and Times, in which the uncertainties of chronology and other biographical data are not allowed to carry us afield. Of a very different tone is A. Clutton-Brock's "William Morris: His

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Work and Influence," which is a defence rather than an impartial account. The author is seldom able to state a fact in his hero's life without comment. When he has an adverse criticism to make, he is apt to qualify it away or to end by presenting it as a virtue. Morris must be accepted as a prophet who was superior to most prophets because he was not content to preach, but worked also. He saw exactly what was the matter with the world, and did his best to make everybody see it. The volume has a tendency to discursiveness, which is especially out of place in this series, but is well informed, and marked by a crispness of style that is occasionally epigrammatic, as: "Some men rebel against society because they are unhappy; but Tolstoy and Morris put away their happiness to rebel," and: "Not knowing precisely what they wanted to do, they [Morris and his friends] naturally determined to start a magazine."

Elizabeth Washburn's "Colour of the East" (Stokes: $1.25) is a sheaf of Oriental sketches that have found their way into American periodicals during the last two years, and are now assembled in a volume with an effective cover. Her attitude towards the peoples of the East appears to be one of benevolent attention, but we fail to catch the note of sympathy and understanding which is necessary to bring the reader into real contact with them. The impressionist in travel-literature acquires the trick of carrying you through a filmy cream of tropical sunset to the drab ooze of the morass, or to "a topaz-tinted, fire-edged group of ice-clad crags, detached and hanging in mid-air"; yet on reaching these highly ornamented places the heart of man craves companionship. Miss Washburn submits occasional samples of native life. At the Shway Dagon in Rangoon, the supreme test for a descriptive artist in Asia, we see "round girls in little coats of rose and cherry-red, shrill in high key and hang chains of jasmine buds about the thick gold neck of Buddha. Naked babies at their side crouch on fat brown knees and lisp in little whispers, while their round eyes follow fearfully the shrinking outline of a pariah dog creeping to an unwatched altar." At Singapore the author stayed long enough to rent a house and study the ways of an old Javanese k'bun, or gardener, promising material for the artist that no one has thus far exploited; but the visitor is too aloof from the natives of that other world of the East—the devious paths they keep and pass and turn again—to interpret them in a manner altogether satisfactory and convincing. Many of these papers are deftly done, but the cumulative effect of a considerable succession of them is cloying. They were more valid as literature in their magazine setting.

As the title indicates, "Psychopathology of Everyday Life," by Sigmund Freud, translated by A. A. Brill (Macmillan; $3.50 net), embodies an attempt to apply to familiar experiences the principles of explanation developed in connection with the author's method of so-called "psycho-analysis," and in this attempt, as one might expect, Dr. Freud displays unusual skill and ingenuity. So far as he emphasizes the close relation between normal and abnormal mental states he does good service; but his general mode of thought, as indicated in his earlier works, is here again exemplified. Being by nature a special pleader, he is willing to go to unwarranted lengths in his efforts to bring the facts of observation into line with his theories, his tendency to look for erotic influences constantly warps his judgment; and although his insight is penetrating, and his hypotheses highly ingenious, these latter cannot be convincing to the psychologist who looks at all the facts and at all possible modes of interpretation, and who makes the attainment of truth his sole aim. In fact, were our author better versed in the work of contemporary psychologists he would realize that not a few of the observations which he thinks original with himself are in truth commonplaces to the thorough student of this subject; as, for instance, where he naïvely remarks (p. 149), "The tendency to forget the disagreeable seems to me quite general." This fundamental fact he treats quite incidentally, and fails to observe that it in itself suffices to explain an enormous proportion of the cases which he laboriously interprets in terms of his quasi-Herbartian conception of repression.

To prove that Bacon wrote "Shakespeare" is, using the methods generally employed, to prove of necessity that he wrote pretty much everything else that belongs to the period, say, from 1569 to 1626. Not a few of the sumptuous volumes that treat these high matters are borne along triumphantly on this horn of the dilemma. Among them "Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon" (London: Constable; 16s. net), by Edward George Harman, C.B., is simply one more impressive piece of erudition misapplied. Just as we have grown familiar with the distinction between Shakspere the player and "Shakespeare" the pseudonym, we are here introduced to a dichotomy of the "poets' poet" into Spenser, the Irish official and settler, and "Spenser," one of the many impersonations of the myriad-minded author of the "Essays." The mass of solemn assertion and flimsy "parallels" on the basis of which, beginning at the age of seven or eight with the translations in Van der Noodt's "Theatre," Bacon is put forward as the author not only of Spenser, and, of course, Shakespeare, but also of such a gallimaufry as the chief works of Sidney and Gascoigne, parts of the Harvey-Nashe controversy, bits of Daniel and of Raleigh, of "Tarletons Newes out of Purgatorie," and Robert Laneham's famous letter, has scarcely the saving grace of ingenuity. Mr. Harman does not deal in ciphers; his sole criterion is his literary tact, the delicacy of which may be judged from the following examples: "The only difference (not an essential one) which I can perceive between Spenser and Shakespeare is that the former ransacks books more obviously for his examples and writes in the trammels of an elaborately rhymed stanza, whereas the latter draws his material more directly from life, through a maturer self-knowledge, and is less hampered by difficulties of form."

Major-Gen. Greely's "Hand-book of Alaska," first published in 1909, appears in a new edition (Scribner). A prefatory chapter has been added, devoted chiefly to material development during the past five years, but the author regards it as inadvisable to attempt a thorough revision of the book until Congress shall have taken some definite and decisive action with reference to the handling of transportation and coal deposits.

Science

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND GARDENING.

Experimental Domestic Science. By R. Henry Jones. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Principles of Cooking. By Emma Conley. New York: American Book Co. 52 cents.

The Kitchen Garden and the Cook. By Cecilia Maria Pearse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Pot-Pourri Mixed by Two. By C. W. Earle and Ethel Case. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The Gardener's Pocket Manual. By F. F. Rockwell. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. 75 cents net.

Epicures and all other persons who recognize the importance of a good digestion will rejoice to know that so able a chemist as R. Henry Jones has joined the ranks of those who believe that science can be directly and adequately taught in the kitchen, and that domestic subjects form a wide field for scientific and utilitarian experiment. His book on experimental domestic science is intended primarily for girls' schools, but appeals also to housewives who use their brains. Happy the husband whose wife has mastered and practically applies the lessons of this little book, either personally or in guiding her cook! He will feel better, sleep better, do better work, and, in general, enjoy the pleasures of life more than others less fortunate. Mistakes in cooking and eating habits are made in most families. How to avoid them is told by Mr. Jones in lucid language, even where technicalities are unavoidable. He does not merely give rules for the different culinary processes, but impresses them on the learner's memory by giving the reasons therefor, with the aid of experiments which are fully described.

Here are two examples of the questions which are asked and answered: "Which method of cooking fish have you found less wasteful: boiling or frying?" "What is the object of the fat in frying fish or potato? How would you find out whether it is more economical to use a little fat or immerse in fat?" The philosophy and importance of basting are explained in a way no pupil is likely to forget; and how much more tender and juicy our roasts would be if basting were more generally indulged in! But it is on the subject of steaming that the author has the most important message to deliver. He maintains that nobody knows what the finest flavors of foods—particularly potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables—are until after tasting the steamed varieties. Steaming makes it almost impossible to overcook food, and it preserves the valuable mineral salts which are usually lost in boiling. Cheap steam cookers are now on the market, and there is no possible argument against steaming, except that it takes a little more time than plain boiling.

Among other topics discussed is vegetarian-

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ism. Only a few pages are devoted to it, but the conclusions arrived at are the last word on the subject and the most rational; it is the best brief consideration of this mooted question we know. Equally satisfactory is the treatment of the vexed question as to the nutritive values of different kinds of bread. Here, again, the author shows that it is unscientific to dogmatize. Circumstances alter cases, and what is best for one person is not so for another. We cannot too urgently recommend a perusal of page 137, where the arguments for and against white bread are summed up. Culinary and dietetic questions do not, however, take up all of Mr. Jones's space. Some of his chapters discuss such topics as ventilation, water, soap, laundry work, frost and sunshine, etc., and the last pages consider some popular everyday misnomers as well as domestic fallacies.

Emma Conley's "Principles of Cooking" is another excellent little book intended for schools. It is not merely a cookbook, but attempts to present the principles underlying all cooking. The author rightly maintains that if an intelligent study is made of these principles and their application, "preparing foods will no longer be a work of uncertainty, but an interesting scientific and comparatively easy process, and the preparing of nutritious, wholesome, and balanced meals will be a pleasure." Why cooking is taught in schools is explained; a list is given of the utensils for general use and those for the individual work table. Twenty rules for dishwashing precede a description of the parts of a stove or range; fire and fire-making are discussed, and in speaking of the temperature of the oven, the writer is obliged to confess the surprising fact—a hint to manufacturers!—that no oven thermometer that is even fairly accurate is on the market as yet! After these important—but usually neglected—preliminaries the different classes of foods are considered, with the best ways of cooking and serving them. Beverages are not overlooked, and the final sections discuss school lunches and the teaching of cooking in rural schools.

About eleven American families in every dozen do their own domestic work without the aid of servants. What proportion of them also raise their own vegetables is perhaps not known, but it must be very large. To such families "The Kitchen Garden and the Cook," by Cecilia Maria Pearse, makes a special appeal. Though written in England, it is quite as useful in this country, making climatic allowance here and there in the cultural directions, which, it is well to bear in mind, differ also for our own States. Though English, this book is by no means insular. Judging by the attention given to corn, one might fancy it was written on this side of the ocean. Considerable space is given to Italian dishes; and when one finds a dozen pages devoted to artichokes, one cannot but think of France, too; but the author treats of both the Jerusalem and the French (globe) artichoke, and in the recipes mixes them somewhat awkwardly; for these vegetables have no more in common than potatoes and endive. Young carrots and lentils receive more attention—and deservedly so—than they usually do in American books. Asparagus, which we monotonously see nearly always prepared in the same way, yields itself, as these pages show, to a variety of culinary manipulation; and the same may be said of several other featured vegetables. The author emphasizes the superiority of wrinkled peas over the smooth kinds which, though earlier and hardier, are distinctly inferior in tenderness and flavor. In her directions for cooking green peas she betrays her nationality in advising the addition of a sprig of mint, and blunders, furthermore, in advising the cook to "put them into a saucepan of boiling water." French cooks, in order to retain the flavor of the peas themselves and preserve the mineral salts, eschew the mint and use as little water as possible; cooking them, in fact, often on lettuce leaves.

Another English book for vegetable eaters is "Pot-Pourri Mixed by Two." The contents are as odd as the title. Mrs. Theresa Earle wrote a book called "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden." Miss Ethel Case saw this, and was determined by it to give a diet without meat a trial in the hope of improving her health. She succeeded surprisingly. The two women also had a common interest in gardening, and this led to their planning a volume in which Miss Case was to give an account of her work in her garden, while Mrs. Earle's contributions were to consist of letters concerning things that interested her when they were separated. These include accounts of a walking tour in Germany; a trip to Italy, and one to Kashmir. Camping in the Himalayas she found wonderful: "the glory and beauty of it are quite beyond description." Among the wild flowers she found many that are carefully cultivated in European gardens, including acres of the orange wallflowers so much liked in England. Miss Case, in her articles on gardening, laments, among other things, that at flower shows prizes are so often given for size. Sweet peas are bigger now, but not so fragrant, while in the case of Brussels sprouts and celery the small old kinds are infinitely more delicious to eat than the "improved" varieties now almost universally sold in our markets. She gives a number of tempting vegetable dishes, and places much emphasis on the fact, unknown to most cooks, that "good vegetarian cooking cannot be done in iron pots." What you want is crockery.

Mr. Rockwell's "Gardener's Pocket Manual" gives in less than ninety pages a great deal of condensed information. It is intended to serve as a reminder, suggester, and general "pocket memory" for those actively engaged in gardening. It can be carried in the pocket and will save many a trip to the library to hunt up information regarding planting, pruning, spraying, hotbeds, handling the soil, fertilizers, insects and diseases, weeds, irrigation, and a hundred other things. It is a useful book, by an expert.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Drama and Music

"THE ELDER SON."

"The Elder Son," which William A. Brady presents at the Playhouse, adds another to the growing list of importations which have been a feature of the present theatrical season. This is a French play, by Lucienne Nepoly, adapted by Frederick Fenn, and played by a competent English company. We are not familiar with the French original and cannot, therefore, say whether the piece has lost in symmetry by its translation to an English setting, but from its uneven quality we should guess that it has suffered in the process. At the same time it would have profited in parts by even more radical changes than must have been made, since one character, in particular, George Burdon, remains in essentials a French youth violently translated to an English atmosphere.

The plot is plausible and promising—the difficulties that are likely to arise in a heterogeneous family that is made up of "my children, your children, and our children." Charles Willoughby, a widower with a son and a daughter, has married, eight years before the play opens, Mary Burdon, a widow with two boys, and the result of their own marriage is a little girl. The elder of Mrs. Willoughby's sons, Richard Burdon, disapproving of his mother's marriage and reverering the memory of his father (who, we are given to understand, was not quite the admirable person that filial piety believes him to have been), has avoided the spectacle of his mother's *secondes noces* by absenting himself in China, and the play opens when he returns for a visit to the old home of the Burdons now occupied by the Willoughby family. Everybody, including his younger brother, George, has been perfectly happy, but Richard, who has all the cocksure priggishness of youth, finds things not at all to his liking, and manages to set the two families by the ears. To arrive at this situation, where the dramatic interest really begins, has taken the whole of the first act and part of the second, and even the excellent acting of the company as a whole barely makes this long preamble tolerable. In the second act, however, is developed a crucial and intensely dramatic situation, which goes far to redeem the whole play. That is where the mother and the two sons are together and fall to exchanging reminiscences of the father, whom Richard has idolized. The spirit of the dead man pervades the scene, so much so that on the entry of Charles Willoughby his wife, as it were in a trance, addresses him as "George." Jealousy of the dead, long smouldering, leaps up, and Willoughby, in a powerful scene, frankly confesses it. This is real drama, a perfectly human situation, developed with admirable art and excellently managed. The crisis is precipitated, the families are definitely divided into two camps, and an effective curtain is the forlorn figure of poor little Betty, the child of the second marriage, on the stage alone. The question propounded is, Where is her place? and the natural solution of the play is through her.

Nothing but an ignoble craving for the unexpected and a desire to surprise the audience into a cheap laugh can explain the conclusion, particularly as the third act opens legitimately by developing a theme already suggested—the proneness of arrogant youth, as

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exemplified by Richard, to assume that the maternal are the only emotions that may with propriety be experienced by the person who has enjoyed the privilege of bringing it into the world. The conclusion manufactured by the author, or the adapter, reveals no touch of humor which may conceivably make step-families kin; instead, it simply turns an interesting play into rather cheap farce. The children of the two families, busily engaged in quarrelling, conceal themselves—for no apparent reason—behind furniture in time to watch Willoughby stealthily approach his wife's door. Mrs. Willoughby comes out, and it transpires that they have been making an elaborate pretence of an estrangement as the only means of pacifying their children. Anything more absurdly inconsistent with what has gone before can scarcely be imagined. The play is well acted—although on the night on which we saw it some of the characters were noticeably not word perfect—and the delicacy and restraint of Miss Cynthia Brooke, an English actress of established reputation, in the part of Mary Willoughby, is a genuinely clever performance. S. W.

"THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE."

The stage, having this season removed from the red-light district, is still preoccupied with matters of sex, and it is a question whether the present refinement is not more pernicious than the old way. The very crudity of last season's exhibits was bound to produce nausea, whereas the respectable settings of certain sex-plays now performing offer an attractiveness to excesses which is dangerous. In a word, a Frenchified stage is the last thing which an American audience is prepared to accept with equanimity. In place of the French method of viewing suggestive situations with a measure of intellectual stimulation, an American audience appears to experience an exultation of the snickering sort.

We do not say that "The Beautiful Adventure" puts the strongest emphasis on the suggestive. The broad outlines of the theme do not belie the title, and at times they even brought to mind the adaptability of the story to a lovely dramatic poem. André is in love with his cousin, Hélène, who is living at the home of André's father, a Count. But owing to the intrigue of the Countess, who wishes to make a brilliant match for her niece, the two have been kept apart, their letters intercepted, and a full-grown misunderstanding has been created. After having received no direct word from André for two years, Hélène has consented to a conventional marriage with the rich Valentine, a pleasant, matter-of-fact fellow. The bride is in her gown, the guests have arrived, and the ceremony is to begin, when in comes André, back from his diplomatic post at Vienna, and finds Hélène for a moment alone. Of course, the misunderstanding is soon removed, and the two are reconciled. A precipitate flight ensues, in which André takes Hélène to her own little cottage in Périgord. Arrived there, she finds her grandmother (delightfully played by the aged Mrs. Whiffen) awaiting her, and, through a misunderstanding plausibly contrived, mistaking André for the groom. We need not explain in detail how naturally the two, in spite of their efforts, are forced into the most compromising of situations. The facts are revealed the next day when the Count and Countess and Valentine appear on the scene.

The chief difficulty in such a play for an American audience is the mixing of types. The play, according to our wont, should be a tragedy or at least a serious drama. And indeed one-half of it is so acted, but in putting the remainder in a relief of high comedy the author gives offence by juxtaposing the sacred and the trivial and thus rendering the "beautiful adventure" a bit of naughtiness which excites curiosity rather than deeper sentiment. It is a return to Restoration comedy, from which we had supposed that England and America had long ago escaped.

As played by Ann Murdock, Hélène is an ingenue with a capacity for deep feeling, which is somewhat impaired, however, by the lack of variety in Miss Murdock's voice and a little affectation. Otherwise, she indicated the possibilities of the rôle, and at times was charming. Charles Cherry's André was not wholly convincing, though his conception, save in two or three instances, had the required seriousness. A word should be said for the talent of Ernest Lawford, whose impersonation of Valentine, judged as a bit of detached comedy, was excellent. Let the most precise of men be put to the inconvenience of an eleventh-hour jilting, and the possibilities for humor speak for themselves. F.

"WHAT IS LOVE?"

One brisk act emerges from the rather faltering three-act comedy now playing at Maxine Elliott's Theatre. In more skilful hands than George Scarborough's the subject of this piece might have been worked into a play as light and airy as "A Scrap of Paper," which indeed the second act somewhat resembles. "What Is Love?" asks Lucy Gordon as wistfully as the propounder of "Who is Silvia? What is she?" And those who before were so eager to help her to pick between her two suitors and to smooth out her "slight" trouble retire blustering and stammering, each one a fool in his characteristic way. Here the play rose to some of its manifest opportunities and showed gayety and sparkle. But the final act, despite several good situations, sorely dragged, just as the first act was slow and repetitious, and in addition silly.

The cast was in the main well picked. Alice Brady, as Lucy, combined prettiness and daintiness with a wistfulness which only lacked depth. But the play is unfair to her in making the test of love depend upon the quality of a kiss, which in the case of true love is said to produce the effect of "apple toddy." This feature, which is in accord with the present-day clamor for sensation, might easily have been replaced by something capable of giving the play dignity as well as prettiness. Jerome Patrick as the jilted fiancé was excellent, and Charles Balsar barely missed the requisites of his part as the boyish lover. Theodore Friebus gave a good exhibition of a brother supposedly matter-of-fact but having underlying sentiment. F.

"PRETTY MRS. SMITH."

This production, in which Miss Fritzi Scheff is starred at the Casino, narrowly misses being a very remarkable event. If it were a musical comedy instead of, in the more recent refined fashion, a "comedy with music," and if the plot did not fizzle out altogether in the last act, it would be that *rara avis*, a musical comedy wtih a plot. As it is, simply for sake of the construction, it is almost worth taking seriously, despite the fact that there is nothing particularly original (as how could there be with the usual galaxy of authors, producers, lyricists, and composers?) in theme, lyrics, or music. But there is a plot that hangs together, at any rate until the last act; the words and lyrics are not meaningless, but bear some relation to the general theme, and the principal characters do something to assist in the development of whatever story there is to tell. It is doubtless, as long and bitter experience shows, a mere snatching at straws, but when we see a musical comedy, or a comedy with music, that has these elementary dramatic qualities, and see them appreciated by an audience, we persist in wondering whether it is possible that one day some combination of librettist, composer, and producer may appear to follow, even *longo intervallo*, Gilbert, Sullivan, and D'Oyley Carte.

Those responsible for "Pretty Mrs. Smith" must not be confounded with the people of this absurd dream, but the production is thoroughly amusing and enjoyable. Miss Fritzi Scheff, as the lady in question, is her usual piquant self, and is quite capable of managing the three husbands with whom an unwonted concatenation of circumstances has embarrassed her, and Miss Charlotte Greenwood is a comedienne of rare talent and refreshingly original methods. The rest of the cast is exceedingly competent, and the production is excellent. S. W.

"THE DRAGON'S CLAW."

It was not to be supposed that the stage would remain unaffected by the war. Before the war is over we shall no doubt see a sickening amount of theatric carnage. But in so far as it has prompted a revival of frank melodrama, its influence is not without some advantage. The latest piece of the sort is "The Dragon's Claw" at the New Amsterdam, which sets forth with a brave flourish the story of the Boxer attack upon the legations at Peking. Were our minds not filled these days with the big happenings in Europe, the stage fight put up by the small company in the British compound would be laughable enough. But over these childish sorties and momentary privations hangs that graver European picture and serves to conceal manifest weaknesses.

The play contains, of course, a love story and a smiling villain and a certain amount of comedy, but sadly lacks incident and surprises. Greater care in construction might have transformed this bit of history into a thrilling play, for it has rare possibilities. Yet out of such experiments there will come, we feel almost certain, one substantial war play, which is all that is to be expected. The principal parts in "The Dragon's Claw" are taken by Charles D. Waldron, Gladys Hanson, and Frederic de Belleville. F.

Loudon Charlton gives the comforting assurance that the Flonzaley Quartet is all right and will begin its American tour sooner than expected. The Kneisels have been rehearsing at Blue Hill, Me., with a pupil of Mr. Kneisel, Samuel Gardner, in place of Mr. Letz, who is serving in the German army.

As an accompaniment to the present European war, nothing could be conceived more appropriate than the music of the "futurists" who not long ago gave two concerts in London. Concerts is not what they called them,

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their descriptive name for the entertainments being "noise spirals." The "orchestra" consisted of twenty-three "noise tuners," subdivided into nine separate classes, called buzzers, exploders, thunderers, whistlers, murmurers, gurglers, rattlers, crackers, and roarers. Some of these instruments are worked by electricity, there being a number of electric buttons which, when pressed, emit all sorts of picturesque noises. One of the pieces played was called "The Awakening of a Great City." First came the breaking of dawn, followed by a realistic reproduction of the numerous kinds of noises heard about the time when shutters are opened and the sidewalks swept. The roar of the increasing traffic is heard, with the strident sound of the motor-horn. The factory whistle adds its shrill sound, and we hear also the bell calling the workmen to their tasks. Another piece played was called "A Meeting of Motor-Cars and Aeroplanes." Two Italian cities had been visited by the "futurist orchestra" before London's turn came. In Milan, the band was received "with unbounded enthusiasm"; whereas at Genoa it "aroused a spirit of the bitterest hostility, culminating in a battle worthy of an Irish political meeting of the olden times." The inventor of this new "art of noises," as he calls it, is Luigi Russolo. Perhaps he is only a humorist poking fun at Schönberg, Ornstein & Co.

During the worst part of the French Revolution, when sixty or seventy persons were guillotined per day, no fewer than twenty-three theatres were open every night in Paris. From this fact the London *Musical News* argues that musical artists are not likely to suffer to a very appreciable extent, as history has proved again and again that, in times of stress and anxiety, the public seeks momentary forgetfulness in entertainments. This optimistic view is not sustained by the announcement that during the first three weeks of the war the receipts of the Moody Manners Opera Company diminished steadily, on which account the season has been cut short, while the Quinlan Opera Company has cancelled its tour of the provinces entirely. In London, the Albert Hall Sunday concerts are to go on, as will the Promenade concerts by the Queen's Hall Orchestra. The second concert of the Promenade series was to have been devoted to Wagner, but a French and Russian programme was substituted. This attempt to boycott German music met with greatest disapproval, in consequence of which the management announced that the original scheme of these concerts, as set forth in the prospectus, would be adhered to, with the exception that living German composers and artists are to be excluded. Regarding the Albert Hall Sunday concerts, Landon Ronald announced that only British artists will be engaged, not because of so-called patriotic motives, but in order to give native musicians a chance to support themselves and families.

"William Tell," which has been revived this week at the Century Opera House, is Rossini's masterwork—an opera as melodious as any he ever wrote, and, at the same time, more dramatic than its predecessors. It shows that, if he had not preferred to idle away the remaining thirty-nine years of his life, he might have anticipated some of the later developments in operatic style. Rossini was far from being a mere writer of tunes; he had it in him to do for Italian opera what Verdi, after him, did for it. Indeed, for his time, he was a good deal of a reformer. He refused to write for male sopranos and contraltos; he insisted on composing his own embroideries instead of leaving them to the singers; he was the first Italian to write arias for the bass voice; he paid much more attention to the orchestral score—particularly in "William Tell"—than the other Italians had done; and for this same opera he composed an overture which, to this day, is exceeded in popularity only by Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture.

Under the title "Bayreuth 1914" Friedrich Wild publishes the twentieth volume of his guide to the Wagner Festivals. It is a sumptuous book of 464 pages, with forty-eight portraits of artists, accompanied by brief biographic sketches. In addition to useful information for musical pilgrims, this guide has provided in each issue several articles by experts on various episodes in Wagner's life and on his works. The volume for 1914 has one which explains Meyerbeer's attitude towards Wagner in Paris. There are two articles on the Nibelung's Ring, one on the "Flying Dutchman," and three on "Parsifal," one of these being entitled "'Parsifal': An Attempt at a Union of the Christian Religions." Another is devoted to the "Parsifal" scenery in general, while the third explains the technique of the Grail miracle. The guide is printed in English and French editions as well as in German.

Art

ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

An Introduction to English Church Architecture, from the Eleventh to the Sixteenth Century. By Francis Bond. New York: Oxford University Press. Two volumes. With 1,400 illustrations. $14.

Mr. Bond is an indefatigable student of English mediæval architecture and ecclesiastical art, and an industrious writer on these subjects. His "Gothic Architecture in England," which appeared in 1905, is a standard work, generally recognized as the fullest and best of one-volume treatises on the subject. His "Westminster Abbey" and "Cathedrals of England and Wales" are well known, and he has also written extensively on the furniture and accessories of English churches. To these he has added within the past year, as the crowning result of his many years of study in this field, the present elaborate and sumptuously published work. It is a monumental study, occupying 960 pages; or, deducting the space devoted to the numerous admirable illustrations, the equivalent of 400 pages of text, or nearly 200,000 words. It is thus much more than a mere "introduction"; it is, within its own field, the most elaborate and complete treatise on English church architecture that has yet appeared. The qualification "within its own field" is necessary, however, because the author, for reasons of his own, has limited the scope of his discussion in a somewhat singular fashion, as will be presently explained.

English church architecture is a subject of perennial interest, not to the architect alone, but also to the historian, the antiquary, the ecclesiologist, the clergyman, and the still more numerous "average reader." England is extraordinarily rich in fine mediæval churches, especially in parish churches of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and while her cathedrals are fewer than those of France, they are in their way fully as interesting, and her abbey-churches form a large and impressive class of edifices scattered through the kingdom. These churches, large and small—parish churches, abbeys, and cathedrals—exhibit an intensely national phase of the architecture we call Gothic. In spite of the tremendous influence of the Norman conquest and of French monks and priests previous to the Hundred Years' War, it early swung away from its French exemplars, ignored the French striving after loftiness and lightness of supports, and created new models, devices, forms, and constructions of its own, no less logical than the French, but controlled by a logic of form and decorative effect rather than of structural economy. It is thus fundamental divergence from the French ideals of structural logic that has misled even so intelligent a writer as Professor Moore to insist with much reiteration that the English mediæval builders ignored logic and produced no "true" Gothic architecture. Yet the English multiple-ribbed vault was the product of a perfectly logical extension of the structural device of vault-ribs exhibited in the simpler French quadripartite vaults; the superb hammer-beam "open-timber" roofs of English churches and halls are as logical structurally as the flying buttresses of Chartres or Amiens; and the chapter-houses of York, Wells, Salisbury, and Westminster are perfect embodiments of the same principles of structural design which produced Notre Dame or Rheims.

This aspect of his subject, as a whole, Mr. Bond ignores. For its discussion, the reader is referred to the author's "Gothic Architecture in England." The author's approach to his subject is not from the side of construction nor of historical style-evolution, but of ecclesiology. Mr. Bond, though an honorary member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, is not a practicing architect, but an architectural *savant*, an *érudit*, as the French would say, whose knowledge of and interest in architecture have sprung from precedent antiquarian and ecclesiological enthusiasms. The author's primary interest, in this treatise, is not to show how, out of various sources, influences, and conditions, English church architecture as a whole developed its plans, structural methods, and characteristic forms; but rather to explain how certain types were developed to meet particular ecclesiological requirements, and how, in this process, each constituent element of church design was handled. The differences between the requirements of the secular and the monastic clergy, between the different orders of monks, between various forms of church organization and government—these are the considerations with which he starts his investigation. Thus Chapter II deals

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with these among other topics: Lay Use of the Nave; Number and Position of Altars; Relics, Shrines, and Pilgrims; Processional Ritual; Chantry Chapels, etc. Nowhere is the historic evolution of the English types of church plan taken up in the broad and comprehensive fashion in which, for instance, it is handled in Sir Gilbert Scott's "English Church Architecture," or in which Viollet-le-Duc discusses the evolution of French church plans in his "Dictionnaire Raisonné." To this important topic Mr. Bond gives only four pages at the very end of the book. The planning of monastic and parish churches is treated in Chapters III and IV from the purely ecclesiological point of view. The subsequent ten chapters are devoted to architectural details: vaulting, abutments, walls, arches, piers, lighting, bay-design, clerestory, protection from rain, towers and spires. The treatment of these subjects is generally excellent, and more interesting to non-clerical readers than the detailed, learned, and lengthy discussion, in the earlier chapters, of the planning for procession-paths, feretories, north-and-south alignment of chapel-altars, and like topics.

These earlier chapters display a remarkable extent and patience of research, and are, of course, of great interest to scholarly ecclesiologists; but other readers will generally skip the greater part of these 278 pages for the more strictly architectural portions following. The discussion of English vaulting is full and detailed, and is accompanied by a really extraordinary series of illustrations, comprising both photographic views of unusual excellence and diagrams. The chapters on tracery, on the abutment system, and on towers and spires are also admirably done, and that section of the chapter on Protection from Rain devoted to the timber ceilings is also worthy of special mention. The two volumes constitute a most valuable storehouse of information on the subjects which they discuss.

The deficiencies which prevent complete satisfaction in the perusal of this notable work lie implicit in its plan. Upon the plea of having already in other volumes treated of the history of Gothic architecture in England and discussed the great cathedrals which it produced, Mr. Bond entirely omits both these subjects from the new work and refers the reader to the two books mentioned at the beginning of this review. Not only is this unfair to the reader to whom those books may not be immediately accessible, but the entire omission of any broad historical conspectus of English church architecture as a whole is in itself a grave mistake, fundamentally impairing the completeness of the discussion even of the topics most elaborately treated, and disconcerting to the student who wishes something more than details.

The omission from this work of any study of the cathedrals, both secular and monastic, is even less defensible than the preference of the ecclesiological to the historical method. A few of the cathedrals are, it is true, casually mentioned here and there, but always in connection with some detail which one or another happens to illustrate. In such a treatise one would expect to find at least a list of the secular and of the monastic cathedrals, and some explanation of how it happened that in England abbey-cathedrals were numerous, while in France bishops and abbots were arrayed against each other in bitter hostility; but—unless tucked away into some corner as an *obiter dictum* which has escaped the reviewer's eye—this significant topic is ignored. And in spite of the author's interest in monastic matters, one looks in vain for descriptions, with plans and views, of any even of the great abbeys (St. Alban's, Waltham, Tewkesbury, etc.), as a whole. The author's love of details prevents his giving the larger, unifying aspects of his subject. Details he treats fully, minutely, *con amore*, with a fulness of knowledge and a wealth of erudition derived evidently, not merely from books, but also from personal study of the buildings themselves. The amount of information he conveys is prodigious, its value incontestable. But of such general subjects as figure-sculpture, carving, decorative design, iconography, choir-screens, and choir-stalls, he gives us no systematic account. Mention of these occurs only in the course of the discussion of particular details of design. The English chapter-houses are hardly mentioned in the text, and do not appear in the Table of Contents, yet they are the most distinctively English products of the Gothic period, absolutely original and absolutely logical in design and detail. Neither does Mr. Bond discuss the cloister, although one would imagine it deserved an important place in even an "Introduction" to English church architecture. For all these matters Mr. Bond expects his readers to turn to his earlier books.

The text is preceded by two glossaries, of which the second, devoted to French terms used in the text, is regrettably full of errors of spelling and definition. Copious indexes at the end of the second volume make easy the looking up of any desired topic. Too much praise can hardly be bestowed upon the illustrations; they are abundant, well selected, and admirably reproduced and printed. The presentation on the same page of plans drawn to different scales is a minor defect.

Almost simultaneously appeared in 1907 the Rev. H. W. Macklin's "The Brasses of England" and Herbert Druitt's "Costumes on Brasses," the former surveying from an antiquarian and historical point of view the broad subject of English monumental brasses, of which nearly four thousand, inlaid in church floors and elsewhere, have survived the ravages of time, puritanism, and the restorers; the other giving the results of an exhaustive study of several centuries of changes in civil, military, and clerical clothes, traceable in these monuments. An inexpensive compilation which combines the essential features of the information in the two works, together with results of more recent research, is now published in "Ancient Memorial Brasses" (Oxford University Press; 3s. 6d. net). The author is Edward T. Beaumont, member of the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society. The book should be useful to designers, those particularly who need to know European costume; students of English literature and history, to whom the brasses offer a rich mine of documents; churchmen, who will find in it data which may or may not confirm present practices in vestment and ceremonial; antiquaries and genealogists, to whom the inscriptions thus preserved are hardly less important than the parish registers. The author very properly hopes that an effect of the publication will be to increase a public disposition to "abstain from treading on, or in any way damaging, these quaint 'cullen plates,' for they have become valuable heirlooms."

Finance

REOPENING OF THE STOCK EXCHANGES.

To be confronted with a problem surrounded with very grave possibilities; where action in the matter would at once open the door to dangerous results, and yet where action, sooner or later, must be taken; all this without any clear precedent in financial history to suggest beforehand what the immediate consequences of such action would be—this is the interesting position in which the stock exchanges stand.

Not only in New York, but in the great financial centres of Europe, pressure to reopen the stock exchanges—which have now been closed seven weeks—is being quietly but strongly applied. In New York, the Exchange authorities have to meet, not only the discontent of their own membership, whose livelihood has been cut off and who are growing restive, but also the investing community, which claims the right to a market on which to invest its savings or to sell its holdings when it needs to raise the money. Yet, equally at New York, at London, and on the European Continent, stock exchange governors shrink from taking the step.

To clear the question up, it will be worth while to set forth just what dangers would surround reopening, and then to see how far they are real or unreal. The hazards of that action may be thus summarized: First, resumption of official trading would give opportunity for European liquidation of American securities, on any scale suggested by the fears or necessities of the foreign investors, who hold American securities running in amount into hundreds of millions of dollars. Secondly, as a consequence, a great increase in our immediate European indebtedness might ensue, with a heavy outflow of gold to meet it. Thirdly, prices of stocks might be forced so low as to compel wholesale closing out of collateral loans at banks, thus jeopardizing the credit of Wall Street brokers and operators, and breaking prices still further. Fourthly, bond prices might decline so far (in response partly to necessities of foreign holders, and partly to the impending European war loans, which may bear high rates of interest) as to affect rather

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awkwardly the balance sheets of institutions holding such bonds as assets.

What is to be said in answer to these arguments? There are offsetting considerations which have at least some force—the question is, how much? One is, that prices on July 30, when the Stock Exchange shut down, not only represented enormous foreign liquidation, based on expectation of the very things that happened later, but were the prices of world-wide panic. No relief measures had been introduced; no Lombard Street banker, loaded with German obligations against which no remittances were possible, yet against which his own notes were outstanding in the London money market, knew or imagined that the British Government would declare a moratorium; but in default of such relief, it was a question of individual solvency. But the situation now, in those regards, differs as widely from July 30 as our market's situation in November, 1907, with foreign gold rushing in and the banks on their feet again, differed from that of the Stock Exchange panic day, October 24.

Another consideration which must be recognized is that wherever, in August or in the present month, trading in stocks and bonds has been conducted for cash on an "outside market," the declines from the July 30 prices have been inconsiderable. Even at London and on the Continent, such trading has elicited prices with no greater declines than might have occurred after a harvest failure or an oppressive act of legislation. This is exactly what happened when the New York Stock Exchange closed for ten days in the panic of 1873. When that market reopened—relief measures having in the meantime been applied—official prices were only a point or two below those of the panic day, and they recovered moderately afterward. It is true that, in the "outside trading" of the seven past weeks, there was no opportunity for European bankers to "unload" their holdings of American securities. It is also true that, in 1873, Europe was in a position to buy heavily in the New York market. But the question would still remain, Why, if very much lower values are an eventual certainty, should any one have paid such prices as have actually been established on the curb since the European war broke out?

These considerations do not dispose of all the dangerous possibilities. Europe might sell heavily, even with actual panic ended and with home investors willing to buy at current prices. On the other hand, it may be argued that, with its own home industrial companies largely paralyzed by war, the foreign investors have a motive for buying rather than selling our securities. That is a possibility; the New York city loan subscription will throw some light upon it.

The most impressive argument of all is that the Stock Exchange must reopen some time. Is there reason to believe that the potential dangers now surrounding the resumption of business would be less three weeks from to-day, or three months from to-day, than they would be this week? Would the prospect of heavy European liquidation disappear if the war were actually to end? It is not altogether easy to get an affirmative answer to these inquiries. If there were positive ground for saying that, at a given date, the hazards would disappear, few people would object to fixing that date, even though distant, for the Stock Exchange reopening. No one has yet suggested any workable plan for averting possible foreign liquidation. But meantime, the one fact which experience teaches is that, at junctures of this sort, apprehensions invariably run beyond what turns out, later on, to have been the truth of the situation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Adams, S. H. The Clarion. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.35 net.
Allen, E. S. Afterwards. Edward J. Clode. $1.25 net.
Allen, F. N. S. Her Wings. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Bower, B. M. The Ranch at the Wolverine. Little, Brown & Co. $1.30 net.
Brinkman, L. H. The Breath of the Harroo. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Crump, Irving. Jack Straw in Mexico. McBride, Nast & Co. $1 net.
Deeping, W. The King Behind the King. McBride, Nast & Co. $1.25 net.
Dell, Ethel M. The Swindler and Other Stories. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Dix, Beulah Marie. Maid Melicent. Hearst International Library Co. $1.25 net.
Girardeau, Claude M. The Scarlet Wagon. Holt. $1.25 net.
Hurst, F. Just Around the Corner. Harper. $1.35 net.
Hutchinson, A. S. M. The Clean Heart. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.
Jones, Alice. Flame of Frost. Appleton. $1.30 net.
McEvoy, C. Private Affairs. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
MacManus, S. Yourself and the Neighbours. Devin Adair Co. $1.25 net.
Mordaunt, Elinor. Bellamy. John Lane Co. $1.35 net.
Napier, R. Tess Harcourt. G. H. Doran Co. $1.30 net.
Oppenheim, James. Songs for the New Age. Century. $1.20 net.
Orczy, Baroness. The Laughing Cavalier. G. H. Doran Co. $1.35 net.
Oxenham, John. Maid of the Mist. John Lane Co. $1.30 net.
Scott, J. R. The Duke of Oblivion. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Sidgwick, E. A Lady of Leisure. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35 net.
Smith, S. K. The Three Furlongers. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Steel, F. A. The Mercy of the Lord. G. H. Doran Co. $1.20 net.
Stow, Edith. Nancy the Joyous. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co. $1 net.
Swinnerton, Frank. On the Staircase. George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.
Vaizey, Mrs. G. de Horne. Lady Cassandra. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Delia Blanchflower. Hearst International Library Co. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Book of English Essays. Edited by C. T. Winchester. Holt.
Bostwick, A. E. Relationship Between Library and Public Schools. H. W. Wilson Co. $1.35 net.
Brownell, W. C. Criticism. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Chipman, C. P. Books and Libraries. Their Makers and Their Use. Waterville, Me.: Colby Alumnus Press.
Goldsmith, Oliver. The Vicar of Wakefield. Illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. Holt. $4 net.
Hawthorne, Julian. The Subterranean Brotherhood. McBride, Nast & Co. $1.50 net.
Key, Ellen. The Younger Generation. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Milligan, Alice and W. H. Sons of the Sea Kings. Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.
Steinmetz, M. B. Leaves of Life. The Abingdon Press. $1 net.
To My Beloved. The Heart Letters of a Woman. Geo. H. Doran Co. $1.20 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Faguet, Emile. The Dread of Responsibility. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Hulme, E. M. Renaissance and Reformation. The Century Co. $2.50 net.
Peck, G. C. Desert, Pinnacle and Mountain. Methodist Book Concern. 50 cents net.
Walcott, Philip C. Modern Values and Their Christian Sources. The Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Government Regulation of Water Transportation. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.
Official Edition Law Reports and Session Laws State of New York. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bonstelle, J., and DeForest, M. Little Women. Letters from the House of Alcott. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.
Bullard, F. Lauriston. Famous War Correspondents. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.
Christmas, Captain Walter. The Life of King George of Greece. McBride, Nast & Co. $4 net.
Curle, Richard. Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.
Ferval, Claude. The Life of Louise De La Vallière. Brentano. $4 net.
Mookerji, R. K. The Fundamental Unity of India. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.
Neuman, A. R. Dr. Barnardo as I Knew Him. Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.
O'Connor, Mrs. T. P. I Myself. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Stella, Maria. The Secret of Louis Philippe. McBride, Nast & Co. $2.75 net.

TRAVEL.

Brown, P. M. Foreigners in Turkey. Princeton University Press. $1.25 net.
Christie, Dr. Dugald. Thirty Years in the Manchu Capital. McBride, Nast & Co. $2.75 net.
Olcott, C. S. The Lure of the Camera. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.
Todd, Millicent. Peru. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.

POETRY.

Brown, A. F. Songs of Sixpence. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Martin, E. S. Poems. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Sutherland, H. V. Idylls of Greece. Desmond Fitzgerald Inc. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Cunningham, W. Christianity and Economic Science. Longmans, Green & Co. 90 cents net.
Hornaday, W. T. American Natural History. Fireside Edition. Volumes I, II, III, IV. Scribner.
Housing Problems in America. Proceedings of the Third National Conference on Housing. Cambridge: University Press.
Hunter, W. C. Pep. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co. $1 net.
Ladd, G. T. What Can I Do? Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.
Pearson, K. Mendelism and the Problem of Mental Defect. London: Dulau & Co. 2s. net.
Saunders, Chas. F. With the Flowers and Trees in California. McBride, Nast & Co. $2.50 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Clarke, Barrett H. Three Modern Plays from the French. Holt. $1.50 net.
McLaughlin, J. M. Elements and Notation of Music. Ginn & Co. 50 cents net.
Macphail, A. The Land. Montreal: University Magazine.
Matthews, Brander. On Acting. Scribner. 75 cents net.

ART.

Farrington, Frank. How to Make a Studio Pay. Edward L. Wilson Co.

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James, George Wharton. Indian Blankets and their Makers. A. C. McClurg & Co. $5 net.
The Spencer Collection of Modern Book Bindings. New York Public Library.

TEXTBOOKS.

Babsen, Herman. Frenssen's Peter Moor. Holt.
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